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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

Two Curious Facts.

Some months ago, with no preliminary notice or sequential explanation, the name of W. M. Laffan suddenly appeared at the head of the New York *Sun's* editorial columns and has remained there ever since. What is more remarkable is the fact that the entire press of New York has maintained upon this subject an impenetrable silence.

The Unspeakable Scot.

Over here we are not likely to be stirred very much one way or other over the publication of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's *The Unspeakable Scot.* We can enjoy something of the sensation that it seems to be making from Land's End to John O'Groat's; read it dispassionately, and lay it aside with the conviction that it is an entertaining, but not a tremendously important book. The spectacle of an author starting out to bludgeon a nation is always an amusing one, and when the bludgeoning is vigorously done, and the nation not our own, we can sit back calm and thoroughly satisfied. There is no dilly-dallying in Mr. Crosland's method, and no doubt whatever about his meaning. He doesn't like Scotchmen, and he doesn't express his opinion in hint or insinuation. From first to last he wants you to understand and is ready to prove to you, to his own satisfaction at least, that a Scotchman is the most loathsome Yahoo that ever blotted the earth's surface; and that no man was ever born north of the Tweed who was not an arrant knave and unctuous hypocrite. This is where he starts, and it must be said that

MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND. THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT."

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he develops his book with considerable skill. In fact, one might be very much impressed by some of his arguments, if one believed him to be entirely serious and sincere, which we do not. Somehow the rage in his book does not have the real ring. We should not be surprised to learn that he himself had some very strong Scotch affiliations, and that he had written this book merely in a spirit of humour and with an eye to the market. In view of this we call attention to the fact that in the beginning of his book he alludes to the old story about a surgical operation being necessary to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. He omits, however, the time-honoured retort which was that this would be quite true if it happened to be an English joke.

The very first chapter is called "The Superstition," and in it the author goes to the root of the matter with no uncertain hand. Of the Scotchman he says:

> He is the one species of the human animal that is taken by all the world to be fifty per cent. cleverer and pluckier and honester than the facts warrant. He is the daw with the peacock's tail of his own painting. He is the ass who has been at pains to cultivate the convincing roar of a lion. He is the fine gentleman whose father toils with a muck-fork. And, to have done with the parable, he is the bandy-legged lout from Tullietudlescleugh who, after a childhood of intimacy with the cesspool and the crab-louse and twelve months at "the college," on moneys wrung from the diet of his family, drops his thread-

CHARLES PAUL DE KOCK (SEE ARTICLE, PAGE 23).

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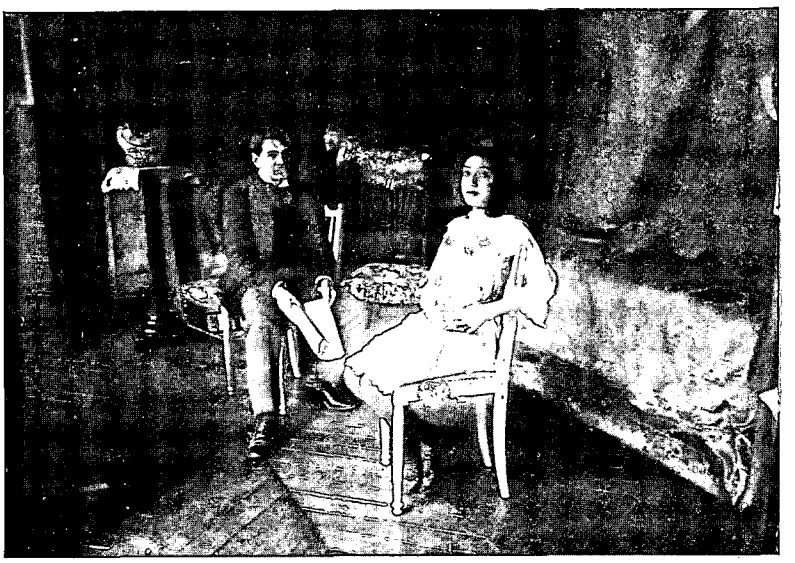
bare kilt and comes South in a slop-suit to instruct the English in the arts of civilisation and the English language; and, because he is Scotch and the Scotch superstition is heavy on our Southern lands, England will forthwith give him a chance, for an English chance is his birthright. Soon, forby, shall he be living in "chambers" and writing idiot books, or he shall swell and hector and fume in the sub-editor's room of a halfpenny paper; or, for that matter, soak away his chapped spirit in the four-ale bars of Fleet Street. Hence, as an elegant writer in one of the weekly reviews puts it, the Englishman is painfully aware that it is the Scot who thrusts him aside in the contest for many of the best prizes.

"In the beautiful communities conceived by Doctors Barrie and Maclaren," he says, "the milk of human nature flows like a river; everybody lives, not for his or for her foolish self, but for somebody else; all bachelors are faithful to the sweethearts of their youth 'for forty year and more'; all the women make the best butter in Galloway; all the girls are pretty and angelic of temperament, and, in short, Thrums and Drumtochty are two little bits of heaven dropped onto the map of Scotland." Then Mr. Crosland turns by preference and takes up the community of Barbie, about which Mr. George Douglas wrote in *The House With the Green Shutters*. The just title for this book, he says, would have been "The Unspeakable Scot."



CARMEN D'ASSILVA—A NEW PARISIAN LITERARY SENSATION.

Naturally, Mr. Crosland has a great deal to say about the Scot in journalism and literature. The best way to study the Scot at home, he satirically suggests, is to consult the works of those eminent Scottish writers, Dr. J. M. Barrie and Dr. Ian Maclaren, and the two Scotch parishes named respectively Thrums and Drumtochty. "Both, one gathers, are the prettiest, most charitable and most god-fearing communities to be found upon this globe of sinful continents. Butter will not melt and ginger is not hot in the mouth either at Thrums or Drumtochty." For blithering sentiment of the cheapest and most obvious sort, Mr. Crosland thinks that the personages of these stories have never been equalled.

The liveliest and most interesting chapter in the whole book, however, is that in which Mr. Crosland deals with what he terms "the Burns myth." Here his onslaught is so splendidly vigorous and smashing that we forget for the moment that his belittling of the poet is done by ridiculously unfair quotations. "After illicit love and flaring drunkenness, nothing appeals so much to Scotch sentiment as having been born in the gutter." The real reason, then, why Burns became and continues to be a sort of patron saint to the peoples north of the Tweed is, that he

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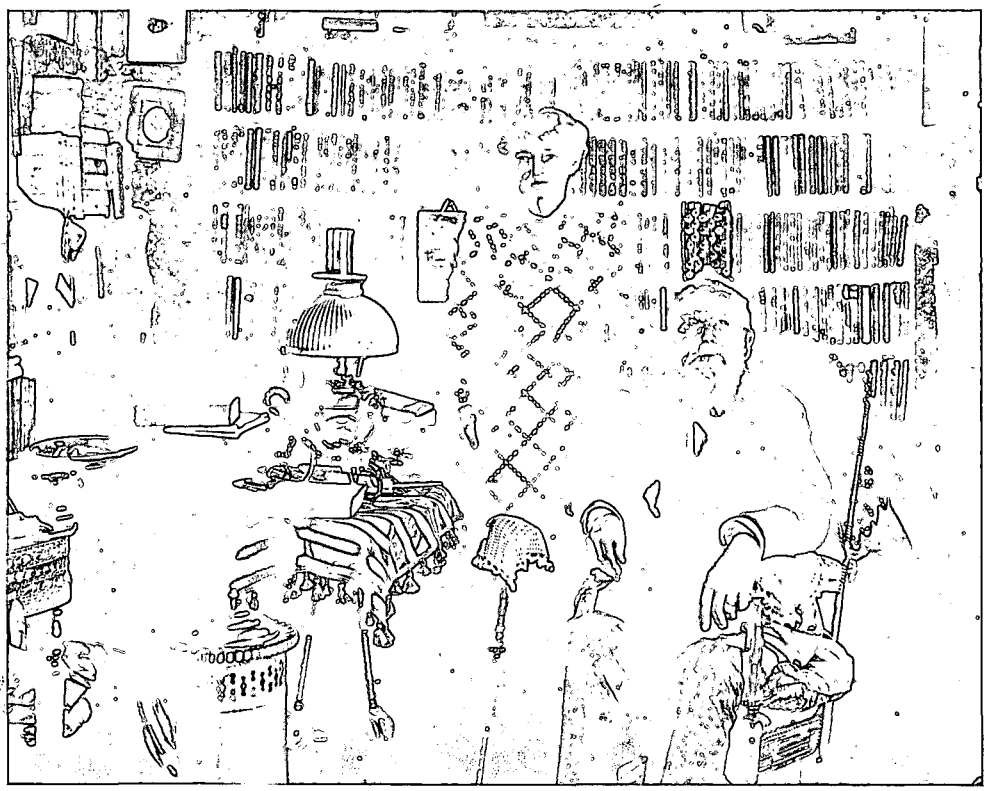
was a ploughman, an erotic writer, and a condoner of popular vices. Whiskey and women are the subjects which furnish forth the majority of his flights. As to Burns the man, Mr. Crosland thinks that a more profligate person has seldom figured on the slopes of Parnassus. In love he was as carnal as he was false. He was never, as he has been called, a king o' men. He was simply an incontinent yokel with a gift for metricism. "Burns, every Scotchman tells you, and tells you truly, has played no small part in moulding the sentiments and tendencies of the Scotch people as we know them. It was he who gave them their first notion of bumptious independence; it was he who taught them that 'a man's a man for a' that'—which, on the whole, is a monstrous fallacy; it was he who averred that whiskey and freedom gang together; and it was he who gave the countenance of song to shameful and squalid sexuality."

In a great number of Burns's love-songs the suggestion is of the lowest One could take a selection of these songs, print them in a little book, have them sold in the streets of London at a penny, and be prosecuted at Bow Street for one's trouble. The man's mind was not clean; he made the Muse an instrument for the promulgation of skulduddery (I will not vouch for the orthography, but every Scotchman knows what I mean); he degraded and prostituted his intellect, and earned thereby the love and worship of a people whose distinguishing trait is fundamental lewdness.



MR. AND MRS. RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Carmen d'Assilva.

Paris has been having a slight literary sensation over the performances of a little girl of ten who "has written seven plays, five novels and a volume of poems," and who is said to converse with "a mature and cynical wit." Lately she has been elected a member of the Société des Gens de Lettres. We haven't read any of her productions and don't intend to. We are sorry for the child, and wish that she were childishly contented in a well-regulated nursery, where literary studies are

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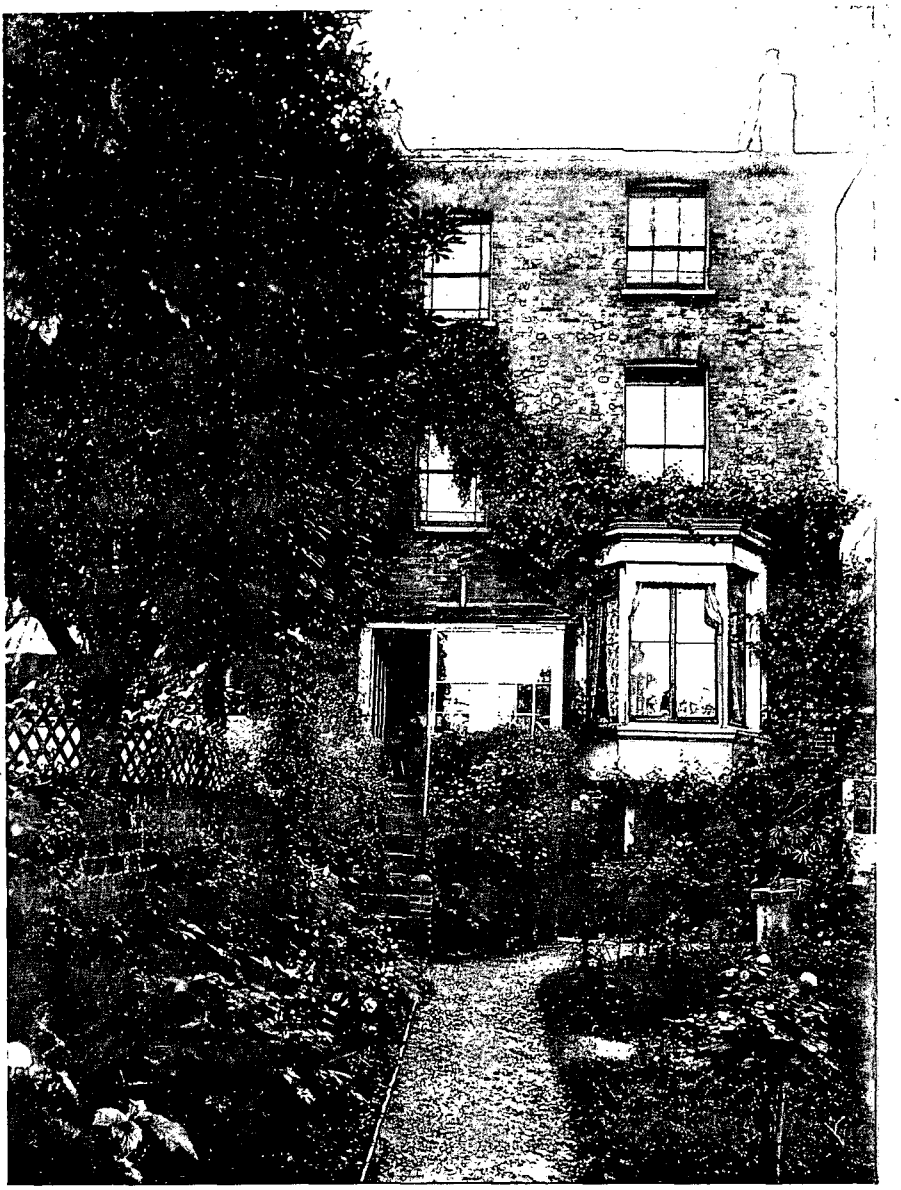
confined to *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge,* and where "cynical wit" is quite unknown. However, we give her portrait and that of her secretary, whom we suspect of liberally editing her plays, novels and poems. Her face is a really remarkable one—very French, and of a type that attracts one strangely. The child is the daughter of the Comtesse de Champmoynat, but writes over the name of Carmen d'Assilva.

Elizabeth Drew Barstow Stoddard, the poet and novelist, and wife of Richard Henry Stoddard, died August 1, at the age of seventy-nine. Of recent years she had retired from active literary work, devoting all her time to the care of her hus-



HOLLY LODGE, WIMBLEDON PARK ROAD, WANDSWORTH.
George Eliot's residence from February, 1858, to March, 1860, where "The Mill on the Floss" was written.

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ELIZABETH HIGGINS.

band. The death last autumn of her son, Lorimer, the playwright, was a great blow to her. Her most important prose work, the three novels *The Morgesons, Two Men* and *Temple Castle,* were written during and shortly after the Civil War.

In a recent discussion of Leslie Stephen's *George Eliot,* James Douglas laid especial stress on Sir Leslie's comparison of *Adam Bede* and Sir Walter Scott's *The Heart of Midlothian.* Both novels turn upon an accusation of child-murder, and Jeanie and Effie Deans correspond roughly to Dinah Morris and Hetty Sorrel. The interest of *The Heart of Midlothian* culminates in the trial scene, where Jeanie Deans has to make the choice between telling the fatal truth or saving her sister from perjury. Scott treats it magnificently in his own way by broad masculine touches. Jeanie Deans is exposed to a tremendous ordeal, which brings out most effectively her character and involves a true tragical catastrophe. The scene in the prison, which, as George Eliot tells us, was to be the climax of *Adam Bede,* is curiously wanting in impressiveness of this nature. Poor helpless little Hetty Sorrel has been convicted of murder and expects to be hanged next day. Dinah Morris goes to her in order to persuade her to make a confession. From the point of view of the persons concerned, that was no doubt a very desirable result. But it does not in the least matter to the story, as Hetty's guilt has been already conclusively proved. Neither is it a result which requires any great ability for its achievement. Hetty is anything but a criminal who would make a point of "dying game." . . . To have failed to extort a confession from her would have shown a singular want of capacity in her spiritual guide." That is incontestable, says Mr. Douglas, who considers the transportation of Hetty, followed by the marriage of Adam and Dinah, one of the worst anti-climaxes in fiction. As Mrs. Poyser would say, the end of *Adam Bede* wants to be "hatched over again and hatched different." By the way, we do not think it is generally known that the germ of the story was told George Eliot by her aunt, Elizabeth

MR. AND MRS. EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

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Evans, and that Mrs. Evans was the original of Dinah Morris, and her husband, Samuel Evans, the original of Seth Bede.

A new novel, *Out of the West,* plants a fresh stake in the great Middle West. The scenes of the story are laid in Nebraska in a small place on the Union Pacific known as Columbia Junction, which, though a prosperous and growing town now, at the time of the Populist rising was "the deadest town between Omaha and Ogden." Some of the later scenes are laid in Washington. The author, Mrs. Elizabeth Higgins, has chosen for her hero a young New Yorker, who is led by conviction and love to espouse the Populist cause. The dramatic interest of the story is held by the struggles and temptations of Frank Field, the young Easterner, and his climb to political power and moral triumph. The author is now, and has been for some years, a resident of Washington, and her husband is a Washington correspondent for one of the large Chicago dailies.

Eden Phillpotts's Methods of Work.

Apparently as a sort of foreword to the approaching publication of his new novel, *The River,* Mr. Eden Phillpotts has been talking about literary methods in general, and his own in particular. "There are no novelists," he thinks, "to be called absolutely in the first class among living writers, if we may judge by a careful study in comparative literature. Useful work, not great work, is being done by the writers of this generation, but the best among them appear to me to be specialists. The world is not their oyster, as it is of a Shakespeare or a Balzac, but they take a spot upon it and endeavour to give us a just and true picture of human nature as it appears on that spot. I have set myself the task of portraying the country folk of Dartmoor in Devon, and in such nov-

IN EDEN PHILLPOTTS'S COUNTRY.

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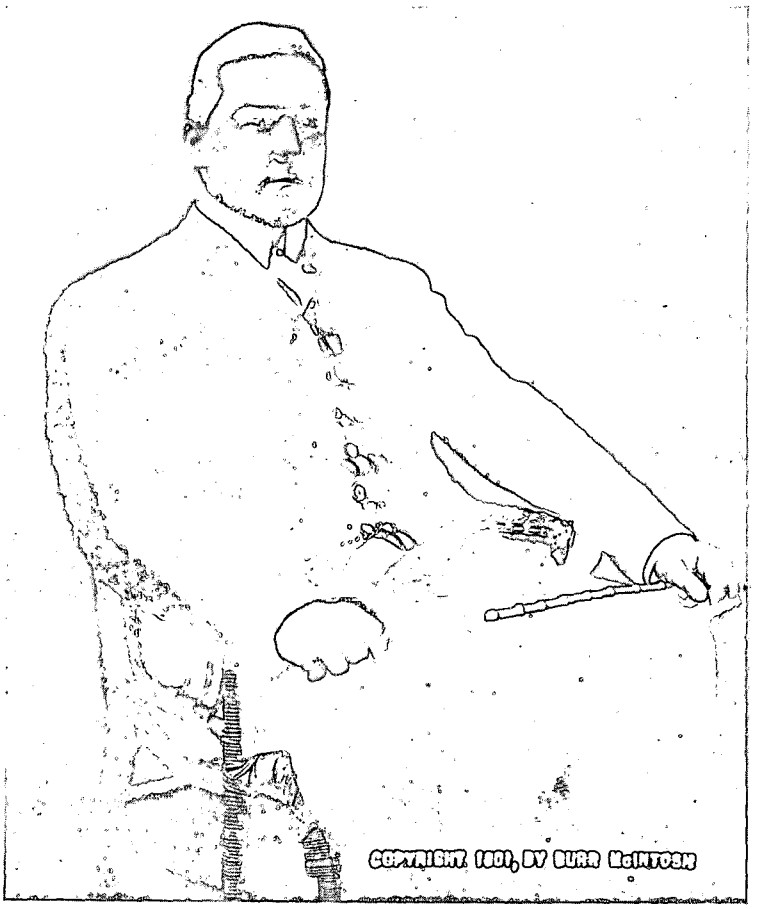
els as I shall write it is my ambition to leave a fairly accurate record of that class. In *The River* I endeavour to show how Dart, the first river of the district, the name-river of the Moor, leaves its influence on human lives. I try to show that, consciously or unconsciously, this ever-changing yet changeless thing exercises a real force on the men and women that dwell beside it, and I attempt to reveal its moods and whims, its dangers and its loveliness, its smiles and its terrific storms. *The River* is concerned with a very central region of 'the Dartmoors.' Dart, indeed, rises in the central waste and runs through most lonely fastnesses before she enters the 'in-country.' Amid these sequestered wastes my story begins.



MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

"As to my methods," he continues, "I have little to say of any general interest. One fact, however, may be worth noting. I hold it vital to do all scene painting from Nature directly, and all my attempts in that sort are written actually with the scenes before me. I make two or three careful word-sketches of a place, of a sky, of a change of weather, of a dawn or a storm; and then I select the best, or blend what seems alive in each. The great storm in *The River* I was privileged to see and recorded with careful notes while it actually unfolded itself before my eyes. My storm in *Lying Prophets* I did not see, but I studied the region of it carefully and wrote it from the reports in the journals. It may be slightly interesting to say that I find environment the keynote of my stories. I do not see my people and then take them to this or that District of Dartmoor, but I see the land with its varied conditions of des-

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ert and fallow, rivers and high tors, and then my people rise into consciousness and begin to move on the face of the earth and go their way."

Some Impressions of Mr. R. H. Davis.

Perhaps the cruellest criticism of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's work that we have ever heard was that of the reviewer who, discussing Cortlandt Van Bibber in the days when that flower of the aristocracy used to go about "putting to sleep" East Side toughs, feeding tramps and coming to the rescue of discreet young people, summed him up as "the office boy's idea of a gentleman." Now, this was undoubtedly clever, but, like most estimates expressed with this kind of cleverness, it was not entirely true. Van Bibber was a lay figure around which to arrange certain episodes and poses, and as the episodes were lively and the poses always entertaining, the lay figure served its purpose very well. The criticism might much better have been applied to some of Mr. Davis's later heroes; Robert Clay, of *Soldiers of Fortune,* for instance; or Archie Gordon, of *The King's Jackal;* while for what might be called the office boy's idea of "a real swell sport" and a modern swashbuckler one need not look farther than the hero of *Ranson's Folly,* the first story of Mr. Davis's latest book. There is a professional cynic who often discusses Mr. Davis's book and the keynote of its success. According to him, the beginnings of the Davis stories are positive triumphs, because a composite of them all would run something as follows: "Miss Van Knickerbocker was seriously annoyed. The unexpected departure of the butler was most inopportune. The second man was obviously incompetent; the illness of the *chef* and of the coachman had already complicated her household arrangements, and the affair of the third footman and the fifth and sixth chambermaids," etc., etc. Thereupon, argues the cynic in question, the readers in the rural districts straightway sit up and gasp delightedly. They feel that they are being introduced into the very best society. They know that they are getting "the real thing."

Now just as the other criticism, under careful analysis, is proved to be unjust and untrue, so this one seems unjust and untrue. The parody is not a parody of Mr. Davis's work, but a parody of all the worst features of all his books. Both criticisms ignore the merits of his work and attack it on its vulnerable side. For Mr. Davis is usually least happy in the matter of the construction of his heroes and his heroines. His heroes are far from being the snobs at heart that some people would have them; fundamentally they possess many excellent qualities; only they *will* make occasional "breaks." In "Cinderella" Van Bibber, Travers and a party of their friends connected with the stage attend the ball given by the servants of the Hotel Salisbury in Lyric Hall on Sixth Avenue. Here the break comes when Van Bibber and Travers begin to guy those of the maid-servants with whom they have royally condescended to dance, and those of the men to whom they have found time to talk. In conversation with a bartender, Travers is asked where he works, and replies that "he mixes drinks at the Knickerbocker Club," which is undoubtedly very funny, but by no means convincing proof of the loftiest breeding and courtesy. Yet in each of Mr. Davis's heroes of this kind there seems to be a sensitiveness, a consciousness, a lurking suspicion of himself. After the gun display on the occasion of the blackmailing visit of General Mendoza in *Soldiers of Fortune,* Robert Clay apologises rather sheepishly for the theatrical aspect of the thing, and again he has the good grace to be embarrassed under the weight of foreign orders which the author has pinned on his coat. Archie Gordon, in *The King's Jackal,* goes along very well until he begins to boast about what he is going to do to the disreputable henchman of King Louis of Messina; but it would be difficult to find anything of this kind in *The Exiles,* and if you want a gentleman that, as a gentleman, may be classed with Thomas Newcome and Wee Willie Winkie and Colonel Carter, take the Wyndham Kid, of "The Bar Sinister," whose father was the champion Royal Regent and whose mother was a black and tan of bad morals, a vagrant of the streets of Montreal.

Mr. Davis's position as a story-teller is now and has been for the last few years

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so firmly assured that criticism can do very little either to augment or to mar his success. It is ten or twelve years since he made his reputation, and he has kept it, which nowadays is much more remarkable. We are not hoping for an extraordinary novel of American life from his pen; but on the other hand we are reasonably sure that he will never write and publish anything that will not be entertaining and worth while. For he is a born spinner of tales, just as Kipling and Stevenson were spinners of tales, though in a minor way; and a man who can tell a real story and bring to the telling the dash and the fire and the humour that Mr. Davis does will never be without listeners. It is so curious that reviewers have had so little to say on the subject of his humour, for that humour, though not great, is particularly original, crisp and spontaneous, and it has coloured almost everything that he has written. It suggests Bret Harte's humour, and is very nearly as good. In the stories which make up the volume called *Ranson's Folly* this humour is comparatively lacking; but then there are few places in the book where it is absolutely essential. It sparkles all through *Soldiers of Fortune* and *The King's Jackal* and *The Princess Aline* and *The Exiles,* not to go back to the days of Van Bibber and Gallagher, and is, perhaps, to be found at its best in the story of "The Reporter Who Made Himself King." In this tale a young man who at the early age of twenty-three has acquired all the journalistic experience and knowledge possible—a condition of affairs which despite Mr. Davis we insist on deeming somewhat extraordinary—finds himself, through peculiar circumstances, the American consul to Opeki, an island in the Pacific, of which the only other white residents were a young man from New Haven, Connecticut, who acted as the local operator of a moribund cable company, and two runaway British sailors. A German warship takes possession of the island, fires on the American flag, and in the little touches by which he contrasts the situation as it really is and as through exaggeration it is made to appear in the United States and Europe in the light of an international episode, Mr. Davis reaches humour of a high order. The cablegram of inquiry from the San Francisco correspondent of the London *Times* is a little gem. At the end of *The King's Jackal,* Louis, after the exposure of his treason and trickery, is sitting in the dim dusk in his private suite in the hotel at Tangier, deserted by all save his two henchmen and the American, Gordon, to whose care the Regent, Kalonay, has entrusted the royal crown. But the burden is one to which he has not been accustomed, and Gordon is visibly embarrassed. He says as much to the unresponsive King, suggests that there should be a royal cushion to go with it, and finally asks directly: "How do you usually carry it?" "On my head," snaps His Majesty; and even Gordon sees the humour of the reply.

But it is when handling outbursts of American patriotism that Mr. Davis attains his very best literary effects. He has been doing this from time to time ever since he began to write, and yet it never seems to grow tame or stale, or to fail to provoke a thrill, for he does it with great craft and undoubted feeling. It is the very spirit of *The Exiles,* that story of the little colony of expatriated Americans in Tangier. Meakin, the Police Commissioner who has sought a refuge in Morocco because he is under indictment for blackmailing gambling houses in New York, strikes the note of real feeling when he talks to Holcombe of the lights and sounds of Fourteenth Street. He and Lloyd Carroll, another exile from New York justice, stand together by the city ramparts and watch through wet eyes the flag break out from the stern of the white-hulled man-o'-war entering the bay. When Mendoza in *Soldiers of Fortune* threatens that the treaty between Olancho and the American Company is likely to be broken, Clay says: "Try to break that treaty! Try it! and I'll have a man-of-war down here; a man-of-war with white paint on her hull, that will blow you and your little republic back into the mountains." "A man-of-war with white paint on her hull." In that lies the effect. In *The King's Jackal* there is great deftness in the manner in which Gordon tries to console, cheerfully yet somewhat sarcastically, the discredited Louis by finding an analogy to his fallen fortunes in the fact that "In my country there are just as good men out of office

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as in." Again he says, referring to the crown which he is awkwardly carrying: "There are very few of these left, your Majesty, and the number is growing less day by day. In my country we don't have any at all." And I should think that those who had them would want to take care of them and keep them brushed up and looking clean."

About Mrs. Wharton.

According to certain chroniclers in the daily press, Mrs. Wharton is going to write no more long novels, but will devote herself to serious historical composition. We are glad that she has abjured long novels, but deplore her intention of becoming an historian. There are scores of historians busily at work, many of them very good ones, but where shall we find another writer who could give us such remarkable work as that contained in *The Greater Inclination?* It is pure perversity to give up doing the thing that one can do best in order to waste time over that which many others can do better. We have a certain right to speak out frankly on this subject, because we were among the very first to greet Mrs. Wharton as a writer of very rare gifts and of unusual distinction.

Her *Valley of Decision* was only a *succès d'estime,* written beautifully in parts and with some brilliant episodes, yet not a book that compelled one to read it to the end. The conception of it was large and spacious—in fact, too much so for any woman to carry out successfully. Only a man, and very much of a man, ever has grip enough and mental muscularity enough for such a thing as that.

What has most interested us in *The Valley of Decision* is the illustration which it affords of a fact upon which we are given to harping—the fact that a writer's best work finds most critics and book reviewers afraid to praise it, because they have no real minds of their own. Later, when the work in question has made its way into favour, they all get out their vocabulary of praise and dump it upon the writer's next production—which may not be more than fair to middling. Witness the case of Mrs. Wharton. Her *Greater Inclination,* which was most remarkable, obtained only meagre and neutral notice from the chuckle-heads of criticism. Then their mistake gradually became obvious even to themselves, and so they thought to make up for it by going into spasms of admiration over *The Valley of Decision,* which is by no means remarkable at all. The belated and sapient dicta about Mrs. Wharton's "well-known charm of style," her "distinguished touch" and all that sort of thing were, under the circumstances, both amusing and exasperating.

Some time ago a correspondent wrote to ask us why Mrs. Wharton called her first book of stories *The Greater Inclination.* We didn't answer that letter at the time, because we were too busy to deal with it satisfactorily; but now we are going to dispose of it once for all. Our correspondent (a lady) says that she has long wanted to know this thing, but has never yet felt like asking any one, because she has heard so many persons speak scornfully of those who are unable to understand the pertinence of the title. This makes us smile sardonically. The truth is that no one really knows what Mrs. Wharton meant by it, but every one is afraid to say so. Hence, whenever a literary conversation is started up and this particular topic seems likely to arise, some one present always comments with a superior smile on the fact that there actually exist persons who don't see the point of Mrs. Wharton's title. Then all the company laugh a forced and guilty laugh, as if to say: "Really? Is any one so stupid as not to see *that?*" If somebody would only get up and say: "Well! what *is* the point?" it would be the biggest sort of a bombshell. Hundreds, nay, thousands, of literary clubs would be dissipated for all eternity if only one member in each had the courage to ask that question. But nobody, so far, has ever had the courage, and the game of bluff has continued successfully, lo, these several years.

Probably Mrs. Wharton, when she called her book of stories collectively *The Greater Inclination* had vaguely in mind the notion that the greater inclination—that which is really greater—always in

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the end prevails. You may not yourself be always conscious of what it is that you most want—you mistrust your own motives and desires—yet your final, decisive action is determined by the secret, subliminal, subtle preference which tips the scale in its own favour every time. This rather indefinite title fitted most of the stories in Mrs. Wharton's book. It would also fit the great majority of all the stories ever written—for it is difficult to write any story which does not in some way bring in the play of motive and the conflict of desire. *Crucial Instances* also applies to most narratives of human life. *The Touchstone* would have been a good title for the novel which Mrs. Wharton actually called *The Valley of Decision;* and *The Valley of Decision* would have fitted the story of *The Touchstone* perfectly. Hence, all of Mrs. Wharton's titles might have been shuffled and dealt over in a new order to her different books; for each one fits every other book just as well as it does the book to which she gave it. So let our correspondent cheer up and not be intimidated by supercilious bluffers any more.

"St. Elmo" and its Author.

In the rush necessary to keep any sort of pace with the lighter and noisier literature of the day it is pleasant and worth while occasionally to spend a few minutes looking over the publishers' lists at the ends of the popular novels of thirty odd years ago, and from them to contrast the tastes of the past and the present generations—a contrast which is very far from being entirely flattering to the readers of to-day. At the head of such lists we may be sure to find the names of those writers who corresponded with the authors of what are now known as "the best sellers"—we realise the claims that Mary J. Holmes and Ann S. Stevens and Augusta J. Evans and May Agnes Fleming then had to popular attention. We recognise many laudable ambitions in the advertisements of books dealing with "the habits of good society," with "the nice points of taste and good manners, and the art of making oneself agreeable," with "the art of polite conversation," and the forms in which letters of business, of friendship, of society, of respectful endearment should be couched. At first sight all this is likely to provoke rather contemptuous amusement. And how unjustly! The forms may be quaint and obsolete, but the sentiments are homely and praiseworthy, and in similar literature of to-day there are just as many platitudes, just as much that is silly and not nearly so much that is sincere. The average highly successful novel of that time was no more literature than is the average highly successful novel of to-day, and the old was generally marked, it must be acknowledged, by an airiness and pedantry that to-day would not reach the public without pretty severe editing. On the other hand, however, the old novels almost always had stories to tell, and they told them in a manner to make them from end to end vitally interesting to that class of readers to which they were designed to appeal.

With the exception of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and the possible exception of General Wallace's *Ben Hur,* there has probably never been a novel written by an American author that is to be found, well thumbed and yet carefully preserved, in so many humble libraries as Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson's *St. Elmo.* Even to-day, obsolete as it is in form and style, it may be called an early chapter in the code of life. In a certain way, it has a significance very much broader than its significance as a mere novel. In the literary development of many young Americans it has marked a stage, a period. If one cannot look back and remember the time when one thought of *St. Elmo* as one of the finest and grandest of all novels, something has surely been missed. Most of us can recall quite readily days when we thrilled at the awful story of the hero's lost youth, and were stirred to amazement and admiration over Edna Earl's knowledge of the Unknowable. Perhaps St. Elmo's sardonic bitterness no longer impresses us; perhaps we have come to realise that all the tragic gloom of his demeanour was only a ridiculous pose; and as for Edna Earl, there is no doubt that she is entitled to a very high place as a public nuisance among the heroines of fiction. There never was a book written more open to ridicule. And yet, when that inclination to ridicule comes we pause, half ashamed. For under all the pompous phraseology we feel

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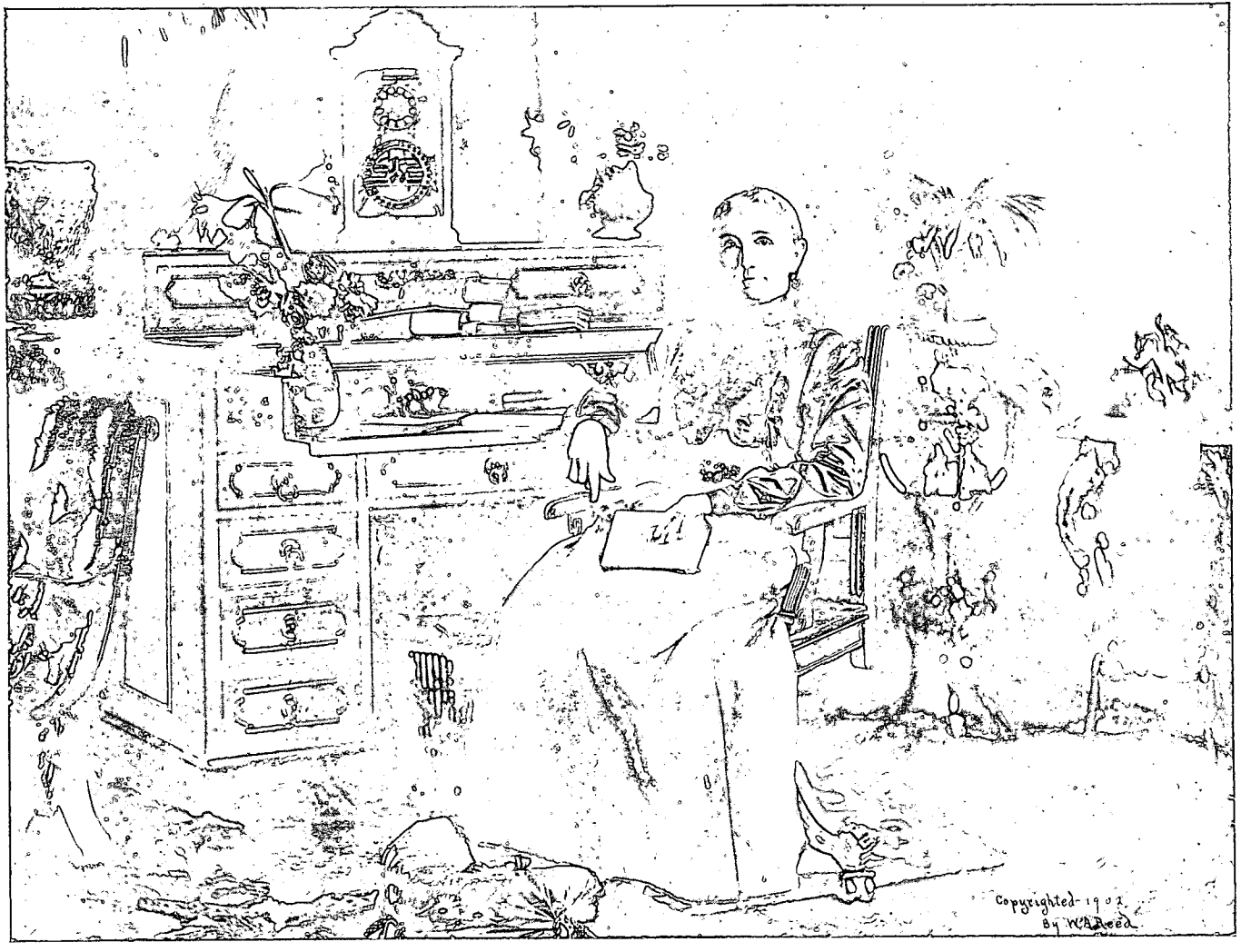

MRS. AUGUSTA J. EVANS WILSON IN HER STUDY.

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that there was a story to be told; that it has been well told; that not a line of it was penned that was not inspired by sincerity and a belief in lofty ideals; and that it has done much to brighten the lives of many hundreds of thousands of readers. *St. Elmo* is a paradox. It is utterly and flatly absurd; and yet it is a noble work, the work of a noble woman.

One cannot spend much time at the task of reviewing the current books of the day without occasionally feeling a twinge of envy when thinking of the opportunities of the reviewers of other days. Who would not like to have had a fling at *Vanity Fair* when it was coming out in installments; to have had the chance to have hailed enthusiastically the rising genius of Dickens, or to have sat down gravely to the composition of a critical screed anent a new tale by the Wizard of the North? It is very interesting and worth while occasionally to spend time poring over rusty libraries in the search for contemporary criticism of the great books of the early half of the century. How many of the puny verdicts have been overthrown by the great judgment of posterity? Of course, *we* are quite sure that *we* should never have blundered so egregiously; that *we* should never have dismissed a great masterpiece with a few curt lines of faint praise or a half column of cocky abuse. We should have liked to have tried our fist at them all. We should have acclaimed highly the genius of Irving, Hawthorne and Poe, and predicted the many startling events which were to result from the publication of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. When we came to Mrs. Wilson's *St. Elmo*, we should, of course, have been the first to point out its resemblance to Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre;* to show that Edna Earl was simply an impossible Jane Eyre in another environment, and that St. Elmo Murray was simply a very stilted and noisy Edward Rochester. All this and more we should have done; at least, we can think so now in pleasant day-dreams.

More than sixteen years have elapsed since the publication of Mrs. Wilson's *At the Mercy of Tiberius*, which she herself, as well as the public at large, long regarded as her last book. But two years ago she went to work again and wrote the story, *A Speckled Bird*, which her publishers are now bringing out. This is the only one of her novels which was not written at Ashland, the Wilson estate near Mobile. Her first book, *Inez*, appeared in 1855, and was far from being immediately successful. Mr. Derby, in his *Fifty Years Among Books, Authors and Publishers*, has told the story of her first visit to his office in the later fifties, when she came to submit the manuscript of *Beulah*. She was accompanied by a cousin, a nervous and fiery young Southerner, who spent his time during the interview between author and publisher apparently examining the backs of the books lining the room. He afterward confessed to Mr. Derby that he had been listening very attentively, and that he had made up his mind, in case of a rejection, to hurl the volumes at the publisher's head. *Beulah* appeared in 1859. Mrs. Wilson's third novel, *Macaria*, had an adventurous career. It was published at Richmond in 1862, under a Confederate States copyright; a United States copyright was not obtained for it until 1868. *Vashti* appeared in 1869, *Infelice* in 1875, and *At the Mercy of Tiberius* not until twelve years later.

The Dumas Centenary.

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alexandre Dumas *père* was celebrated on July 6th at Villers-Cotterets, in the Department of the Aisne. A monument to Dumas was dedicated, and the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Chaumie, delivered an interesting address. The Junior Editor of THE BOOKMAN made no remarks, because he wasn't there. The Senior Editor objected vehemently to his going. The curious thing about the centenary is that no one knows when it ought to have been held. Dumas himself said that he was born in 1803, and that date is given in many works of reference; yet investigation of the records seems to make it certain that 1802 is the proper date. The day was July 24th, but the people of Villers-Cotterets chose the 6th, because it happened to suit their own convenience. There is a delightfully irresponsible uncertainty about all this, such as Dumas himself delighted in.

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THE HOMING BIRD

The soul is like a homing bird that's sure
To wing its way to the beloved place;
Above the sea or land, through air more pure
Than mortal breathes, it cleaves the tracts of space,
Steered by a yearning wonderful, elate
To reach the native loft, the lonesome mate.

Richard Burton.

SOME HUMOUR OF SOME HUMOURISTS

Humourists are, perhaps, considered to be public property more than those who write more serious themes, for the reason that they have a large sympathy with the grief of others, and sympathy is a quality that is bound to attract whether accompanied by a monetary consideration or otherwise. They hold up to witty criticism the foibles of their neighbours in such a manner as to cause merriment to their victims, and therefore they must naturally answer for the indulgence allowed them.

Be it a paradox or not, it will be noticed that in nearly every instance the writers who have been called upon in the present instance for their methods and inspirations have a sense of seriousness in their answers. "I think and feel tragedy all the time, and I should shine darkly in company with the intellectual lights among which you wish to include me," says an author who modestly wished to be excused from publishing her moods and tenses. And yet this lady is well known for her sallies of wit!

> There's not a string attuned to mirth,
> But has its chord in melancholy!

Taking it as true, then, that life is no laughing matter, it will be interesting to see how several of the rising authors of the day overcome this seriousness, and by their inspiration and work throw so merry a light over the ever-apparent shades.

"I have not been aware," says John Kendrick Bangs—and even here at once is a seeming case of absolute weariness of being thought a humourist—"for many years either of working or resting. I enjoy both equally. As for inspiration, I cannot call to mind that I ever had any. I apply myself systematically to my work six mornings each week, and except, under unusual circumstances, never write in the afternoons or evenings. The stuff which appears over my name is not more than a tenth of my copy product, most of

DOROTHY DIX.

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which is even more deadly serious than my alleged humour." There is a trace of regret in these words. Does it not seem that Mr. Bangs would gladly throw away his cap and bells and retire into the ranks of the deadly serious writers of the day?

So it is with George Ade in a minor degree. He takes himself a great deal more seriously than would have been expected. "If I really have the sense of humour, surely you do not expect me

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

to sit down in cold blood and discuss my methods or tell how I get my inspirations. Nearly all the stuff I have turned out has been written under great pressure. I had to do my work in such a hurry that I had no time to stop and take mental photographs of my own moods; and as for waiting for an inspiration, if I had waited there wouldn't have been any copy turned in. I have tried several times to discover my own methods of work, for I find that every genuine literary person has a method. Inasmuch as I have failed to discover any method in my work, I sometimes suspect that I am not a literary person. This suspicion has been corroborated by about a thousand book reviewers in various parts of the country. I will admit that I have made it a rule to try to write the things that people already knew, rather than to tell them something new. It always seemed to me that if one got the right topic the stuff wrote itself. I cannot wear a coat when I am writing, even though the temperature of the room be freezing cold. I use yellow paper and a leaky fountain pen. The typewriting machine alarms me and drives every thought out of my head. The larger part of my work is done in the forenoon, but the work which comes nearest to pleasing me has been done very late at night, when I was in a wakeful and high-strung condition. This has only happened once or twice, but I am hopeful; if I could become a victim of insomnia I might write something good enough for the magazines."

Very different are the methods of Carolyn Wells. Being of the more nervous sex, she naturally pays more attention to her surroundings. "I find it very difficult," she confessed, "to describe just how I do my work. Indeed, I am not sure that I do it at all. I rather think it does me! Of one thing, however, I am certain, my work can only be done upon old mahogany. My den contains three desks and seven tables of that inspiring material, and outside of its mahoganised atmosphere I have never done, nor could I do, a stroke of work. My favourite desk is an imposing structure eight feet high, which was built nearly two hundred years ago, for a German baron, and is a marvel of cunning workmanship with its inlaid woods, mirrors, secret drawers, and ivory columns ending in brass capitals. Whatever success I have had is owing entirely to my old Hamburg desk. Another adjunct of my busy hours is confectionery. One's style depends so largely upon one's choice of sweets. Certain kinds of light verse can only be written while eating pistache bon-bons or candied fruits. Essays, of course, call for caramels; a play, chocolates; jingles, peppermint sticks; and nonsense-rhymes, marshmallows. I never eat candied violets or rose leaves, because I am a member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Flowers; but

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TOM P. MORGAN.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

EDWIN L. SABIN.

GEORGE ADE.

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when writing for the comic papers I find it helps me to nibble at *marrons glacés.*"

Charles Battell Loomis is methodical in his way. Living in the country as he does, existence seems paradisaical. Some people are dissatisfied even on a vacation when all goes right and nothing goes wrong; but not so Mr. Loomis. He is frank and precise in every particular. He nearly three minutes, after which I read my mail, if the handwriting is legible, and then read the paper. I have taken the *Sun* for the last fifty years, and if I could not get that would go without the news. I am trying to live down the time when I free-lanced on the *Journal* by never buying it at all. After reading my paper, I go into my thinking-room and

GEORGE V. HOBART.

evidently finds fun in working, and certainly in describing how he works. He says: "Like all great writers, I have certain methods of work. I never rise later than breakfast-time. This consists of whatever the maid brings on the table, as I consider that good for the brain. After breakfast I always go for a short walk to the post-office. This consumes think for three, sometimes even four, minutes. Then I proceed to spread out my thoughts on my typewriter until lunch-time. If my typewriter breaks, I find it hard to spread out my thoughts with a pen, thus giving the lie to the man who said no one could ever get used to a typewriter. The afternoons I give over to elegant leisure, and to thinking what I

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will do with my money if I sell what I have written in the morning. Once a week I go out, or rather in, for I live out, to battle with stern editors, and return at night weak from the conflict, and laden with the spoils of war. If they are too spoilt, I destroy them; otherwise, I send them out again. Those editors run the best magazines who print most of my stuff; but in that opinion I do not differ from other writers except that I am more frank. The reason I began writing was because I wanted to, and I will continue as long as editors want me to; only it would be nice if a fellow's best thoughts would come last, instead of flowing out of the spigot at a time when no editor knows they are running."

With Dorothy Dix, cookery seems to be the source from which she draws her inspiration, for she will tell you that some of her most fantastic creations, and those the public has liked best, have been inspired by lobster Newburg, while others have been the result of a simple Welsh rarebit. The combination of these two dishes would scarcely seem to be congruous with the turning out of comic copy, but it is evident that the culinary habit is strong within her, for she admits further: "Being a woman, I write as I cook, without rule, and season to taste. I take a trouble of my own, or my friends—preferably the latter—and dress it up with a liberal supply of the oil of humour, a little of the vinegar of satire, a pinch of the salt of reason, a dash of the cayenne of wit, and enough of the sugar of human kindness to make it sweet to all the world, and the result is sometimes a cheque, and sometimes a returned manuscript. To be funny on inspiration, is one thing. To be funny on demand and by the column, is quite another. The first is a joke on other people; the second is a joke on yourself, and few of us have a keen enough sense of humour to enjoy a laugh at our own expense. I grieve to admit that I am not one of those gifted beings who dash off things in a white heat of genius. I toil and labour, and if I write what sometimes makes other people very tired, I can only say the feeling is mutual. I have suffered, too!"

There have been many theories as to how a "Yawp" is written. It is so out of the common that at first sight it would seem to have a distinctive method of its own. W. J. Lampton, however, thinks otherwise. These delirious designs with which his name is more or less connected are, according to himself, written at the typewriter. He says to himself in a firm tone: "Gee whizz!" and then, "See?" Then he fills in whatever space may lie between the two termini of the

MINNA IRVING.

effort, and there you are! "Anybody on earth," at least, so the genial Yawper says, "can do it if he knows how." "And yet," he continues, "there are critics who would hold a Yawp up by the tail to the scorn and ridicule of the world. But the world doesn't care for that as long as it may have the blessed privilege of reading the Yawp. Neither does the critic.

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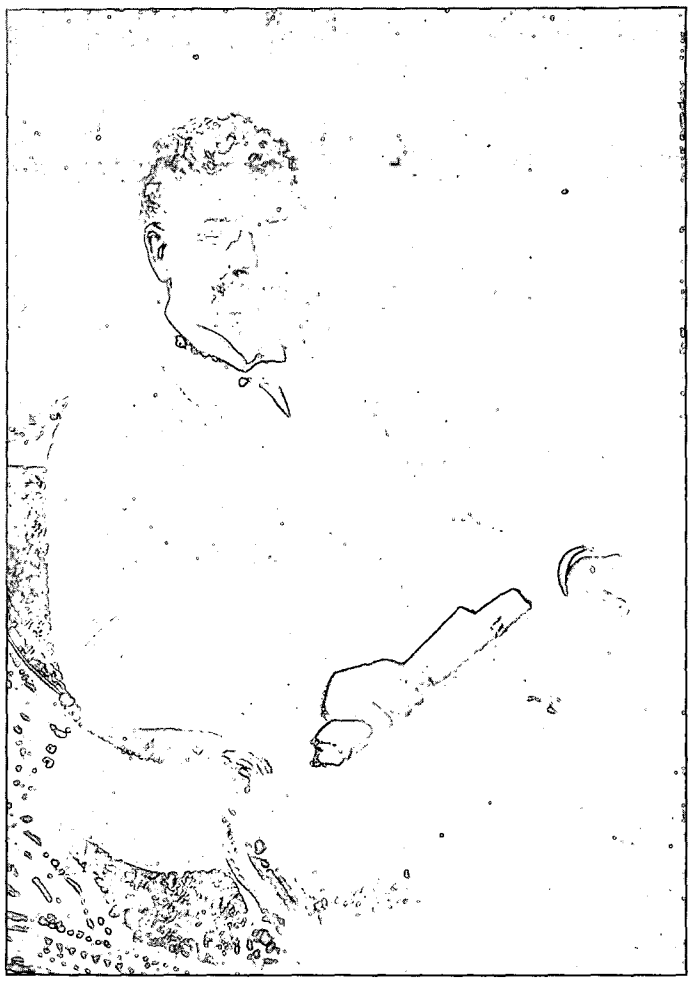
Neither does the Yawp. Neither do I. We are a harmonious lot. I am not a genuine poet." (This confession is comforting.) "I write in the easiest way, which is to write it wrong. One does not have to be inspired to do this; so instead of waiting for the divine afflatus, I simply jump aboard of a train of thought, that she mistook her mission in life, a view which will certainly not be shared by those who have had the pleasure of reading her productions. "I work," she admits, with a sigh, "with a systematic fidelity, which is extremely distasteful to my friends, for five hours every day, with very little plan as to just what will evolve.



AMBROSE BIERCE.

and away I go. I confess I don't do what I want to do. I yearn, above all things, to write cheques for any amount which will be paid on presentation, but something always has prevented the consummation of this cherished desire. Possibly——but I must not anticipate."

Kate Masterson is despondent in her description of her methods. From what she says she evidently is of the opinion It is always rather a surprise to me, especially if it is any good. When it is, I re-read it with the most thorough, almost childish, enjoyment. This might seem like senility to some, but it has always seemed *very funny* to me. My editors do not always share this keen appreciation of my work. During the ten years I have been writing, my work has always been a serious matter to me, and

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there have been no vacations. The proverbial dulness that is the result of a constant routine of work without any play has set in. The fact is, everything is serious to a woman, who was originally intended to be frivolous, and who finds herself writing things. Yet if Eve were alive to-day she would be called on undoubtedly for a signed statement as to her experiences in Eden. And probably she would be asked to make it humourous, poor old girl! Personally, I am always conscious of a certain impropriety in the idea of a woman writing. A society girl shows her shoulders. We show our souls. We get to be emotionally *décolleté*, and think nothing of displaying feelings and fancies that should be hidden. It is all very sad, really. But what is one to do? The only tragedy of life is taking it seriously."

In the far wilds of Iowa, Edwin L. Sabin is thoroughly domesticated. He draws his inspiration from the cottage cat. "Its name," he writes, "is Timothy Wells, familiarly called Timmie, but never addressed by that lack lustre, cheapening appellation, 'Kittie.' 'Kittie' is to a cat what 'Bub' is to a boy. Whatever I write I try on the cat. Time was when I experimented upon my mother, but I speedily found out that she laughed too readily. She was prejudiced in my favour. Besides, mothers are precious, and ought to be handled with care. Then I got a wife. Alas! she, too, proved a partial critic, and she, too, would be hard to replace. Now I have the cat, and he is a great success. He has nine lives. Therefore I need not be afraid to read him everything. He never evinces the least indication of emotion, save in a yawn. With his inscrutable eyes and his grave demeanour, he leads me on and on, ever baiting me with the hope that, perhaps, some day I shall pierce him to the quick. The day upon which I shall make that cat laugh I shall have achieved fame. But he has not laughed yet. He has not even smiled. To my task I devote every moment I can spare from sleeping, eating, mowing the lawn and golf." The best advice to be given Mr. Sabin is to read Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking-Glass*, and purchase a Cheshire cat!

Minna Irving shares with Kate Masterson the notion that aching hearts and heads must scratch at the pen to make their readers merry. "I'm saddest when I'm gladdest!" she cries. "And a deep sense of the hollowness of the world and the vanity of human wishes is the exact kind of soil to produce light verse." But even Miss Irving has her cheerful side. "I do my writing," she admits, "at a very untidy table littered with photographs, maps, stationery, etc., a pencil, a pad, and a cup of strong coffee, and—a box of bon-bons. If you can imagine anything more productive of hilarious lines than ink-bottles, mucilage, pads, pencils, sealing wax ends, torn bits of paper, ink stains and pink and white sugar plums in conjunction, you must have a mind that will draw inspiration from anything."

Ambrose Bierce is short, sharp and concise as to his methods of work. "I commonly do my work," he says, "with my legs intertwisted, while exuding globes of perspiration and achieving copious protrusions of tongue. This, I understand, is the way most acceptable to my readers, of whom I have only one. This, too, produces the best result, my ability to have written the *Iliad* never having been publicly questioned. If my literary methods do not suit the public, they are at liberty to have my books written by another (an inferior) person!"

The scent of the hay comes with Clinton Scollard's description of how he employs his time. One can see him, according to his own account, working "in a desultory fashion, scarcely two days at the same hour, in my den, in my library, in the garden or in the orchard, or far afield in fine weather. While as for inspiration, everything in the way of life and nature from utmost Ind to utmost Occident." Swearing by Italy, and his homeland hills, that look down on the valley of the Oriskany, Mr. Scollard should be envied that he can draw fun out of hills and woods and valleys, while most of his contemporaries are obliged to put up with the rush of a big city.

" 'In rainbows, thunderbolts and wings,' to quote Hood," says Mrs. Theodosia Garrison, "do I find my inspiration. It sounds exceedingly banal to acknowledge that the lack of a new hat claps a saddle on Pegasus, and one throws a lyric to the wolf at the door like a sop to Cerberus, but alas! it is true."

Still yet from the country comes another addition to the how and when a wit

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puzzles his brains. Says Tom P. Morgan: "The average humourist doesn't get any inspiration at all; he doesn't have any. I may have to fight a lengthy list of fun-makers because of this announcement, but really they ought not to take umbrage at me, for I freely confess that I am as bad as any of them. The ability to see things from a joke-smith's peculiar view-point is not genius, but merely a kind of mental strabismus. We do not get our material by inspiration, but by theft, assault and battery, and otherwise. A solemn, honest, peace-loving commonalty is grabbed, thrown down, turned inside out, and reconstructed into an absurdity. A feeble, hoary-headed idea is ruthlessly set upon, crippled; torn to pieces, put together backwards with a new head or tail on it; the King's English is deliberately murdered—all for a joke! Then, too, everything is funny, if you only think so. If we are city people, how hilarious the knob-kneed ruralist is; and if we live in the country, how mirth-provoking we find the summer boarder. All fads are ridiculous to everybody who is not devoted to them. Every man is a crank but me. Politics, society, all avocations but mine, debt, death, the law, prison, pain, poverty, facial and racial peculiarities, other people's hopes and fears, prunes, the inhabitants of all other communities, the recently rich, the suffering poor, the bald, the baby, the obituary, the ministry, the hangman, the flirt, the fight, the fit, the mule, the *débutante*, the flying machine, the undertaker, the poet, the boil, the volcano, love, charity, whiskers, war, pestilence, famine, the unloaded shotgun—all are very, very funny. All we have to do is just to see them so, write them out and collect our salaries. The ability to manufacture the common or domestic variety of humour does not come by inspiration—it is a disease!"

In a class by itself is a peculiar sort of humour, which is represented by George V. Hobart. It carries in itself a laugh, which appeals largely to the masses, and Mr. Hobart cannot throw off the habit of talking in Dinkelspielism when he tells of how he does his work, and this is what he says:

"Der only trouble abouid vorking ad der occupation of labour is dot id uses so many loafable moments. I have been inkvired ad how do I vork. Somedimes I dink I vork like a horse—und I could proof id py showing der ouidpud. I haf no rekular hours for working, eggscept ven I sleeb. Ad nine o'clock efery morning I go py my cell in und begin to vorry a lead pencil. Many lead pencils haf came und vent, bud I haf used der same prain efer since I started. Der prain I use vas highly recommended py my parents on my father und mother's side. Id is vun uf dem roll-tob prains mit plendy pigeon-holes, und id has peen a goot life-preserfer to me since I chumped into der sea uf liderature. Bedween 9 und 10 I spend der dime dinking, always dinking, und gedding ub courage to vent after der Enklish lankvich, for ve haf always peen bidder enemies to each udder.

"Bedween 10 und 11 I kick ofer my desk, und mit der left hant I grap der Enklish lankvich py der throttle und begin to shake id. Between 11 und 12 my wictim is chenerally screaming for helb, bud dare is no vun to safe id, so I stob for lunch. Ven der vun o'clock vissle eggsplodes, der bidder struggle resumes idself, und vunce more I chump ubon der Enklish lankvich und render id unspeakable. Und so id goes all across der lifflong day, und ven der night-dime puds der shudders ub I find myself sidding dare surrounded py poor, squivering vords, all proken und pruised und panting for ice-vater. Dis is der blood-t'irsty story uf my life."

La Touche Hancock.

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CHARLES PAUL DE KOCK*

It is only by the retailing of countless anecdotes that one can convey an idea of what the stories of Paul de Kock meant to the readers of his day, not only in Paris and France, but throughout all Europe, from London to St. Petersburg. Châteaubriand goes to the Vatican to see Pope Gregory XVI. "Give me, Vicomte," begins His Holiness, "some news of my dear son, Paul de Kock." A new ambassador presents his credentials to the king of the country to which he has been assigned. "Ah! you are just from Paris," says His Majesty. "You must know the news. How is the health of Paul de Kock?" The great Balzac, arrested for trespass on the outskirts of Paris, is released by the magistrate because the latter believes him to be the author of *La Laitère de Montfermeil,* which he considered the greatest of all novels. Major Arthur Pendennis's library, we know, was confined to the *Army and Navy Register,* the *Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington, Debrett's Peerage,* the *Almanach de Gotha* and the novels of Paul de Kock, "which certainly make me laugh." In Disraeli's *Henrietta Temple* one of the characters is arrested. A friend congratulates him. "Now you can read Paul de Kock. By Jove, you are a lucky fellow!" None of these tales is apocryphal. All over Europe people were studying Parisian manners in his novels, while the author, the most quiet and *bourgeois* of men, was worknig away steadily in his little apartment on the Boulevard St. Martin, or among the trees and vineyards of his place at Romainville.

Paul de Kock was born at Passy, then a suburb of Paris, May 21, 1794. A few months before, his father, a wealthy Dutch banker who had served in the Army of the North, was guillotined by the order of the Revolutionary Convention, his mother was thrown into prison, and it was on his parents' tragic story that de Kock based his novel, *L'Homme aux Trois Culottes.* Fortunately, his mother eventually was set at liberty, and, continuing to reside in Paris, she devoted her life to the care of Paul, her younger son. In his youth the future novelist appeared to be more or less of a dullard, though underlying his apparent slowness there was a genuine love of books, and at an early age he had made up his mind to devote himself to the trade of novel-spinning. But there is no prescribed course through which one may master this trade; so when Paul was deemed ready to begin the struggle for life on his own account a clerkship in a banking house was received for him. He did not hold it long, not that he was lacking in diligence, but because he was very soon found to be writing a novel between business calculations. Then began in deadly earnest his literary career. His first book, *L'Enfant de Ma Femme,* was not a success. He wrote a melodrama which was produced at the Ambigu-Comique and made such a hit that the publishers sought him out. *Georgette,* his second novel, was speedily followed by *Gustave, the Incapable, Brother Zack* and *My Neighbour Raymond,* and de Kock's reputation was firmly established. It was then that Barba, the publisher, came forward with an offer for a ten years' contract which enabled the novelist to realise his cherished idea of living in a country house near Paris, and thenceforth the name of Paul de Kock became associated with Romainville.

Paul de Kock was a true *bourgeois,* a Philistine of the Marais. He had the advantage of being absolutely like his readers, sharing their opinions, their ideas, their feelings, their prejudices. Gautier once said of him that he had not the faintest idea of æsthetics; that, indeed, "he would readily have supposed, like Pradon, that they were some chemical substance." His special gift was that of exciting laughter—not the attic laughter, but the laughter which depends on unexpected happenings and whimsical accidents. For instance, let us take *Le Barbier de Paris,* probably one of the most widely read of his novels. This is a story of old Paris; of Paris in 1630, during the reign of King Louis the Thirteenth. The comic action of the tale is supplied by one Chaudoreille, a sort of French Falstaff. This Chaudoreille

*The Novels, Tales, Vaudevilles, Life, and Remembrances of Charles Paul de Kock. Translated into English by Mary Hanford Ford. Boston: The Frederick J. Quinby Company.

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is a most arrant braggart and poltroon. He wears at his side an enormous sword, which his puny hands cannot wield, but the hilt of which he touches ominously as he swaggers about, insulting women and browbeating men. Put him to the test, however, and he will scamper away as fast as his legs will carry him. Throughout the volume he stumbles at every turn into some misadventure; he is constantly being buffeted, belaboured with sticks, kicked downstairs, thrown into the Seine. Not humour of the highest order, perhaps, but it is handled in a manner that provokes the heartiest of coarse laughter. It is akin to the humour of Smollet, the cruder humour of Fielding and of *The Pickwick Papers.*

In his article on Paul de Kock in his series of "Portraits of the Day" Théophile Gautier has written brilliantly of the Paris of the Restoration and of Louis Phillippe, the Paris which belonged to de Kock as well as to Balzac. It was a Paris utterly unlike the present Paris of broad streets, long boulevards, vast squares, endless lines of monumental houses and splendid quarters which have been built upon old market-gardens. Paris, which is becoming the metropolis of the world, was then only the capital of France. Frenchmen, and even Parisians, were to be met on its streets. Of course, foreigners went to it, as they have always done, for pleasure or instruction; but means of communication were difficult, the ideal of rapidity did not go beyond the classical stage-coach, and the locomotive steam-engine was not even visible as a chimera within the mists of the future; so that the general appearance of the population was not markedly modified.

"The inhabitants of the provinces remained at home much more than they do now; they troubled Paris only when called to it by urgent business. You could hear French spoken on the Boulevard, which was then called Boulevard de Gand, and which now bears the name of the Boulèvard des Italiens. You could meet frequently with a type which is now becoming rare, the true Parisian type: fair skin, rosy cheeks, brown hair, light-grey eyes, short stature, but a good figure, and in women a delicate plumpness and small bones. Olive complexions and black hair were rare at that time; the South had not yet invaded Paris, bringing with it its complexion of passionate paleness, its brilliant eyes and its mad gesticulations. The general appearance of faces then was rosy and smiling, with a look of health and good-humour; the complexions which nowadays are considered distinguished would at that time have suggested illness.

"The city was, relatively speaking, very small—that is, business was restricted within certain limits beyond which people rarely went. The plaster elephant, in which Gavroche used to take refuge, then rose gigantic behind the Place de la Bastille, and seemed to forbid people to walk farther. The Champs-Elysées became, as soon as night fell, as dangerous as the plain of Marathon; the boldest would stop at the Place de la Concorde. The quarter of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette then consisted merely of waste ground and fenced-in spaces. The church itself was not built, and from the Boulevard could be seen the Hill of Montmartre, with its windmills and the long arms of the semaphore on the top of the old tower."

This old Paris has survived only in the works of Paul de Kock, who knew how to convey to his readers the humble pleasures which he himself enjoyed. To Gautier the time came when he forgot de Kock's comic genius; when he no longer laughed over the rural festivities of the *grisettes* and their swains, but began to regard the author in a serious, even a melancholy light. "Some of his novels have the same effect upon me as Fenimore Cooper's *LaLt sof the Mohicans;* I seem to read in them the story of the last of the Parisians, invaded and submerged by American civilisation."

Beverly Stark.

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THE QUEST OF ANN ACHRON

Some Blurred Impressions of the Omnipresent.

I.

Sylvia Sheepshead was seventeen and good to look upon. Blue were her eyes as the noonday sky, her face was fair as any lily, and when Hugo de Blanc-Mange saw her entering the cathedral that Sunday morning in March, 1762, her golden hair blurred his vision so that he drew from the pocket of his doublet a notebook, in which he wrote, in a bold, flowing hand: "Self, debtor to Cyrano, for rhetoric, 2 louis, 7 shillings and 5 cents."

Like a flash she turned on him, her black eyes snapping, her olive cheeks suffusing with a dusky glow, her raven tresses floating in the silvery moonlight.

"Hugo," she cried passionately, "yestereve was Saint Bartholomew's. Why didn't you come to the massacre?"

"But," he protested, quailing before this random shot, in utter disregard of the game laws, "you are all mixed up; your dates are crossed; things are happening madly out of time and place—to say nothing of drawing; and the picture of you strangely changes and wanes, and pains my aching brains."

For answer she tossed her chestnut locks, bent on piquing him. "Never mind," she said, in glee. "The man who wrote me has already sold 700,000 copies of his first two books. Why revise when the weather's so warm?"

And Hugo—what did he? Alas! he merely piqued the locks.

II.

The literary M.P. firmly placed his foot upon the Canadian boundary-line.

"Audrey," he cried, in a voice of menace, "stand back! Here I alone have the right of way."

Instantly she had torn her bodice from her gleaming shoulders and stood before him, defiant.

"Strike, if you dare!" she said, strenuously pushing her little bluff.

"How can I strike," he protested, "when the products of my typewriting machine are in such great demand?"

And so—the iron being hot—he struck.

III.

"Gertrude, it is not true," he paused to say, in the middle of a column of statistics, "your man was a villain and a knave. Listen to me: I know where I can get the documents that conclusively show your George Washington to have been nothing but a common two-spot. No, sir; the real hero of the Revolution was Benedict Arnold. If I speak not the truth, may I be eaten for a squab!"

IV.

The king grew impatient, from time to time glancing from his jewelled watch to the hour-glass on the shelf, from time to time.

"Sire," expostulated Tristan, "why are you so fidgety? Cut it out; this fine François will flout you furiously."

"No, no, gossip! you do not understand," was the testy reply. "Do you not realise that we are nearing the close of the act—chapter, I mean—and that those good verses are yet unsaid?"

"True, true," cried the representative of the Pen, Point and Pitcher Company, coming forward with his samples. Instant quiet reigned among all the supes used in the tavern setting; the orchestra ceased tuning for the *entr'acte,* and the audience pricked up its 6,000 pleased ears, —6,000.

Then the young man, waving on high his mug of cold tea, declaimed these lines with a distinctly Southern accent:

All authors, whereso'er ye be,
  On Grub Street bleak, or sunny Strand,
From Portland, Ore., to Portland, Me.,
  Forsooth, ye seem a wondrous band,
Wise in the wisdom ye have cann'd
  Your future fiction to enhance;
Yet must ye seek another brand
  When Howells writes Historomance!

The stage manager in the wings having rubbed his hands and chuckled, the assembled rogues did likewise. The speaker coughed his gratitude to the prompter and went on:

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Just now bright cloak-sword stuff we see—
Brave men, fair women, plots well plann'd,
All clothed in regal bravery;
Heroes well heeled with heaps of sand,
Fighting as much as we can stand,
Bold rogues in buckles, dames in pants:
These things will all be contraband
When Howells writes Historomance!

He paused long enough to permit the King, Tristan and the others to accomplish their usual "business."

Look for vast changes—gleefully
He'll boil it down, and thin it, and
'Twill read like Choctaw poetry,
Written by Kant, or Sarah Grand.
Methinks ye'll find a different land
Where once there frolic'd sunny France;
Gad! How Dumas will be unmann'd
When Howells writes Historomance!

Mugs and cans clattered noisily, and the back wings were showered with flat ginger ale. The P. P. P. man prepared himself for the customary applause and let fly the envoi.

Hank James, the Dull, throw down your hand;
Zola, the Gross, you have no chance;
Pray for the Gentle Reader bland
When Howells writes Historomance!

Charlton Andrews.

WAS TALLEYRAND BORN AT MOUNT DESERT, MAINE?

I.

When it was known, early in the last century, that the Prince de Talleyrand was writing his memoirs, the event of their publication was eagerly anticipated. "They will contain the secret history of every government of Europe for the last sixty years," said those who had a general knowledge of their contents. "The private memoirs of every distinguished personage will contribute something to their pages."

Great was the disappointment when, immediately after the death of Prince Talleyrand in 1838, it was announced that, in accordance with the instructions of his will, the memoirs were not to be published for thirty years, and not then should the heirs decide that their publication "would inconvenience any one." In 1868 their publication was again postponed to 1888. "They began to be looked upon," wrote the Hon. Whitelaw Reid in his introduction to the American edition, which appeared in 1891, "as a species of historical dynamite, only to be exploded after everybody in danger had been removed from the field of human activity."

The leading reviews of the memoirs plainly indicate that when they did appear they were a disappointment. There were no startling disclosures. There was a total lack of spicy anecdote, and glimpses of court life, and bon-mots, for which Talleyrand had been famous, while stories of royal intrigue and scandals were entirely omitted. A serious dignity permeated the five volumes. The memoirs were a vindication of the writer's course of action under all circumstances, notably of his connection with the assassination of the Duc d'Enghein. "More striking than the negligences and errors are the enormous omissions," said a leading review, "the best of proofs that the memoirs are authentic."

II.

Why had Talleyrand ordered that the publication of his memoirs should be postponed at least thirty years? He could not have been ignorant of the fact that soon after his visit to the United States (1794-1796), a report had been circulated that he was the illegitimate son of a poor fisherman's daughter of Mt. Desert; that his father was a French naval

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officer who had visited the island "just before the French war." "When the memoirs appear," wrote an investigator of the rumor in 1887, "no doubt the true account of Talleyrand's parentage will be given."

"My parents," the memoirs begin, "had a very small fortune, but held at court a position which, if properly taken advantage of, could secure for themselves and children the highest offices." He gives the year of his birth as 1754, omitting the month and the day; also the names of his father and mother. These are supplied by his annotators—Charles Daniel de Talleyrand-Périgord and Alexdrinède Dumas—with the title and lineage of each.

"Parental care had not come into fashion," he writes; "thus my early years were cheerlessly spent in an outlying district of Paris." Sent to a nurse when scarcely an hour old, he was totally neglected for years by both father and mother, neither of them knowing of the accident which made him a cripple for life until it was too late to remove its effects by proper treatment. He says of this incident: "I accidentally fell from the top of a cupboard and dislocated my foot." His lameness subsequently prompted his mother, after his father's death, to take away from him (her eldest son) his right of primogeniture and give it to his younger brother. They evidently thought him "unfit for a military career . . . the family was far more to be cared for than its members individually."

When the cripple-boy was only a child, before he had ever been under his father's roof since his banishment, his parents decided that he should enter the Church. Unattended, he made a journey of seventeen days by coach to Bordeaux, where he was to enter a college. He had been "painfully impressed" by having been so hurriedly despatched, without first having been taken to his father and mother. Taken down with small-pox, he was sent to the care of a nurse, where his treatment, as he describes it, was most cruel.

Pondering in his later life upon the cruel neglect of his parents, he tried to believe that it originated in their fear that if they saw him too often they might fail to carry out their intention in regard to his entering the Church, a subject upon which he had not been consulted at all. "I am, perhaps," he says, "the only man of distinguished birth, belonging to a numerous and esteemed family, who did not for one week in his life enjoy the sweetness of being under his father's roof." He termed it "ill-disguised exile," was despondent, and formed no intimacies. He was believed to be in secret revolt against his superiors. What wonder that he made of his enforced profession a stepping-stone for ambition, always despising it, and forsaking it when he found it an embarrassment?

III.

The statement that Talleyrand was born on Mt. Desert, U. S. A., dates from the time of his visit to that locality in 1795, during his exile from France. The proof, if any, rests mainly upon what the Maine historian, Joseph Williamson, published in the Bangor *Historical Magazine* of July, 1887, from statements he had received from the Hon. Edward Robbins, of Boston. In addition to this testimony, and corroborating it, are traditions of Talleyrand's visit to Frenchman's Bay, handed down to their descendants by colonists of Madame La Val, founder of a refuge in the Maine wilderness for her *émigré* countrymen, on what is now the site of Lemoine, Me., and where Talleyrand was entertained with his escort, Albert Gallatin, presumably in 1795. One of the descendants, a member of the colony of Madame La Val—Hon. John de Laittre, of Minneapolis—finding among the papers of his ancestors mention of Talleyrand's visit to the colony in 1795, and being familiar with the oral tradition preserved in his family concerning Talleyrand's parentage, gave the subject to Prof. John C Winterbotham, of Maine, for thorough investigation. From the report made, which includes the traditions, with the statement of Hon. Edward Robbins and Joseph Williamson, the summary of the testimony is as follows:

The Hon. Edward Robbins, of Boston, founder of Robbinston, Maine, was at the time of Talleyrand's visit to the United States, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He made the acquaintance of Talleyrand during the latter's stay in Boston, their relations becoming cordial and intimate.

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Not long after Talleyrand had left Boston, Mr. Robbins was called on business to Mt. Desert, and it was at one of the small settlements on the north-eastern shore, in the vicinity of Hull's Cove, that he found the inhabitants greatly exercised to know who the stranger could be who was strolling about their locality—a lame Frenchman, of whom nobody could learn anything. Mr. Robbins soon came upon the stranger, and great was his surprise to find he was no other than Talleyrand, who evidently did not care to be recognised, declining to explain what he was doing there, and treating Mr. Robbins with decided coldness as well.

Madame La Val's colony of *émigrés* was the key to the explanation Mr. Robbins needed for Talleyrand's presence in that remote place. He saw no reason why he should conceal the name of the Frenchman, and did not do so. Then it was that some of the old fisher-folk declared that they had seen in the crippled gait of the stranger what reminded them of "the lame French boy," who had been taken away from the island "just before the war." Talleyrand soon disappeared, and Mr. Robbins left no stone unturned in collecting information about "the lame French boy," the illegitimate son of a French naval officer whose ship had come into port in 1753 or '54 for repairs.

When the boy was about a year old, the French ship and its captain had come again, and handsome provision had been made for the mother and child, the father promising to return in a year and marry the fisherman's daughter; but he never returned.

When the boy was less than two years old, his mother overturned a kettle of hot water on his foot, crippling him for life. She died "about the time the French war was over;" and soon after a French gentleman came for the boy, saying that his father was dead, and that a rich uncle, a fine gentleman in France, had promised the father that he would adopt the child and bring him up as his own son. The grandparents had been most unwilling to give him up, but finally consented when abundant provision had been assured them for the balance of their lives. The boy was then about eight years old, the same age as the little lame boy of the memoirs.

The grandmother mentioned in the memoirs was the solitary member of Talleyrand's family whom he had ever loved. "I was really fondly attached to her. To this day her memory is dear to me," he said, suggesting to those inclined to credit the story of Mr. Robbins that Talleyrand had really in mind the old fishwife grandmother when he drew the picture of Madame de Chalais, his reputed grandmother, and of the wild, rocky shore of Mt. Desert when he wrote—"a new land, the dangers of a storm, the picture of a wreck . . . all this had deep interest for me."

IV.

Talleyrand's journey from Philadelphia to New York, Boston, Maine and Niagara Falls in 1795-96 may be traced in the local annals of the places he visited. That there was a plebeian stratum in Talleyrand's nature is abundantly confirmed in the local accounts of the cities he visited, one of which records that "he ate like a glutton and talked with his mouth full." His own mention of his stay in the States is notably brief. There is not a word of his visit to Madame Le Val's colony and Frenchman's Bay, nor of Albert Gallatin. We do read, however, "a violent storm compelled me to stop at Machias," which is a seaport near the main coast between Mt. Desert and the St. Croix.

V.

Twelve years after the death of Talleyrand, and eighteen years before the memoirs could be published, a sop was thrown to the impatient curiosity of the public in the *Revelations of the Life of Prince Talleyrand,* edited from papers of the late M. Colmache, private secretary to the Prince, who, it was known, "had been in the habit of noting down the revelations and recollections imparted to him. This was a flippant, gossipy version of what had evidently been confided by Talleyrand in familiar talks with his secretary. Colmache evidently had never heard the Mt. Desert story. He agrees with the memoirs in the main, giving in the account of Talleyrand's childhood what corroborates, rather than refutes, the Mt. Desert tradition.

The crippled boy "running wild and

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barefoot" around the obscure village where lived the nurse, "whose trade it was to tend and bring up children *tant bien que mal,*" is more distinctly outlined than in the memoirs: It was a younger brother of the father, who, upon returning from a long cruise, had been fired with indignation to learn of the banishment of his nephew, and who had come for the child and brought him to Paris. He had notified the reputed father and mother that he was going to bring home their eldest son, but they were both absent when he and the child arrived. Instructions had been given, however, that the child should be taken directly to a certain boys' college, where his companions would be "like himself, sons of the poor *noblesse;* but, unlike him, either younger or bastard sons." Having left Talleyrand here, his uncle departed at once on another long cruise, on which he was drowned. "Had this uncle lived," writes Colmache, "the destiny of Charles Maurice Talleyrand had been different and the fate of Europe would have been changed," meaning presumably that Talleyrand's enforced entrance into the Church would have been prevented.

The pitiful isolation of the boy from his family, as drawn by Colmache, supplements suggestively the account given in the memoirs. "His mother," writes M. Colmache, "never visited the boy without a surgeon, when he must submit to the torture of having his poor leg cauterized and pulled, forcing it to match the other." He dreaded her visits, and did not regret their infrequency. After his father's death, he became, as the eldest son, the Comte de Talleyrand; but he was taken by a priest to the *Séminaire* of St. Sulpice, where he was told that, by a decision of a *conseil de famille,* his birthright had been given to his younger brother.

"Why so?" the boy faltered.

"He is no cripple," was the stern reply.

In the English translation of the revelations, the uncle of Talleyrand is "the bailli." In the condensation of the book given in *Fraser's Magazine* soon after its publication, he is Baillie Talleyrand. He was a naval officer, without question, which, coupled with the fact that in 1754 frigates of France were common enough along our northern seaboard, makes the Mt. Desert story not so hard to believe.

In the preface to the memoirs by the Duc de Broglie, mention is made of those "fictitious and apocryphal documents" which had appeared, and of the secretary who had betrayed his trust by having circulated writings, forged or falsified, as having emanated from M. de Talleyrand. These disclosures were said to have been of such a character as to cause an unpleasantness in his relations with his famly and friends, and to accredit the most infamous accusations against him. Now, the important clue which the revelations give for the solving of the question of Talleyrand's parentage could never have been imparted by the ex-secretary with the design of supporting assertions like those of the Hon. Edward Robbins. They were written by a senseless gossip in a spirit of superlative adulation.

VI.

Talleyrand could not have been in ignorance of the report following his visit to Mt. Desert. Was not a postponement of the publication of the memoirs the surest way to prevent a thorough investigation of the subject and its settletlement, when witnesses might be living whose testimony could not be gainsaid? The unpleasant story would be forgotten in thirty years, or it would have become a tradition too vague for credence. Knowing Talleyrand as we do, it is easier to believe the tradition than to doubt it, the story is so in harmony with the record of the ever-politic, scheming, self-seeking "millionaire from bribes, making merchandise in treaties."

It will be no great honour to Mt. Desert to prove that Talleyrand was born there. The United States owes nothing to him, unless it be the watchword his shameless demand for an enormous bribe from our envoys, seeking peaceful relations with France in 1797, called out from Charles C. Pinckney, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." If it be true that there is the bar sinister in his armorial bearings, that his claim to patrician birth cannot be sustained, why should not the truth be revealed, purging history of one more falsehood?

Jane Marsh Parker.

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A NEW ENGLISH POET

Glancing through the *Pall Mall Gazette* the other day, my eye was caught by this paragraph:

> Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. have recently received a bank-note for £100 to be handed to Mr. Newman Howard, the author of *Kiartan, the Icelander: A Tragedy*. We are asked to state that the author is deeply anxious to be able to thank the unknown donor, and to communicate circumstances of interest; and to that end Messrs. Dent would be much obliged if the gentleman would send them his name address.

Such a paragraph rarely catches the eye. Such another had never yet caught mine. To think of a man's paying five hundred dollars for the pleasure of reading a book!—and that book a poem!—and, of all things, a modern poem in blank verse! And paying it, not for a prospective pleasure, but for a pleasure past. Who will dare say again that gratitude is a lively sense of future favours? Or, that poetry is no longer appreciated? Or, that the publishers get all the profits?

My curiosity got the better of me; and, going around to Mr. Dent's office in Bedford Street the next day, I asked him all about it. He knew nothing beyond the fact that a stranger had called, asked for the head of the house, and finding him absent, had enclosed the bank-note and left it. Nothing could have been more natural than to assume that the unknown writer of first-rate poetry must be poor. The blind beggar who sells lead pencils testifies to the same association of ideas in the popular mind. But, by a singular irony of fate, the author of *Kiartan* happened not to be poor, but the possessor at the age of thirty-five to forty of a modest competency earned in London as an accountant—the very last calling that one would connect with the vocation of a poet. He was, however, seriously ill, and is so at the present moment, at his home "down Surrey way," as his discoverer puts it.

I supposed that, being able to pay for the printing of his poem, Mr. Howard had done so; but this, too, was a mistake, for it had been issued at the publisher's risk, and in opposition to the report on the manuscript handed in by his own reader. So confident was Mr. Dent of the book's future, or at least of the future of its author, that he took the precaution to have it put in type and copyrighted in America. Then he went out and bought from Mr. Elliott Stork the unsold copies of the poet's first book, published five years ago under the title of *Footsteps of Proserpine*. I took home a copy of each of the books and read them that evening, and, having done so, I no longer marvelled at Mr. Dent's enthusiasm, however heartily I congratulated the poet on having fallen into his hands, and Mr. Dent on the opportunity of supplementing his reputation as a maker of beautiful books with a reputation as a discoverer of literary talent.

There are many fine lines and lyrics in the *Footsteps*, but *Kiartan, the Icelander*, is so far ahead of it in strength and beauty that I pass over the earlier book and come at once to the new one. The plot is a simple one—as simple as the natures of the Iceland folk. Kiartan, the hero, is beloved of Gudrun, to whom he is betrothed; and Hrefna, whose passion is wholly unselfish, and who seeks not her own happiness, but his and Gudrun's. Going off to war with Norway, Kiartan is captured and converted to Christianity; his companions being suffered to go free at the end of three years on condition that they will seek to convert their fellow-islanders. He himself is held as a hostage, and only released when word comes back to Norway that Iceland has accepted the new faith. Meanwhile, a report has come that he has been false to Gudrun and married the King's daughter; and, although Hrefna rides all night with news of his return to Iceland, she arrives too late to avert Gudrun's marriage, out of pique, to Kiartan's foster-brother, Bolli. Overwhelmed by his misfortune, and touched by the unselfishness of her devotion, Kiartan weds Hrefna; and not only takes Bolli to his heart again, but plans to win Gudrun's love for her husband by pretending that the report of his own love for the Norwegian princess was true. He succeeds in this altruistic task only too well, the result being that Gudrun, her love now turned to hate, inspires her kinsmen and husband to attack Kiartan, who slays the

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former, but, refusing to raise his hand against his foster-brother Bolli, is by him stricken down with his own sword.

The plot is excellently worked out, and the beauty that reveals itself here and there in a highly imaginative phrase or poetic speech is felt to be purely incidental. The action never stops that beautiful lines may be recited. The texture of the play is close woven, and the story moves swiftly forward to the foreordained catastrophe. At the outset Liot, the blind skald, bids Gudrun not fear the violence of the sea on which her lover is about to embark.

Soul is the sea we sail on,

is his reassuring—and warning—word; and at the last, when Kiartan has returned in safety from strife on sea and land only to die at her instigation, the blind old singer reminds her of his prophetic caution:

Did I not, Gudrun, bid you fear no tempest?
Soul is the sea we sail on; wreck has come
Of canvas large with pride, in passion's gale.

It were easy to fill a column with speeches of singular vividness and beauty; but a play is to be judged, not by isolated passages, but as an entity; and *Kiartan* is primarily a play and only secondarily a poem. As it is impossible, however, to demonstrate its dramatic merits in a brief review, I must content myself with showing its poetic quality. Among the finer passages is this, from a speech in which one of Kiartan's comrades, on his return from Norway, seeks to introduce the Christian religion among his countrymen:

To you, my kindred,
Tryggvason, King of Norway, greeting sends;
Holding your friendship dear; and bids you take
A gift above all gifts—not this poor shield
Enchased with gold and ivory, though in sooth
This also is yours—but water blest of Heaven,
Whose sprinkling wards the faithful from the trolls,
From evil eye, and pestilence, and hags
Whereby your land is ridden—most of all
From trolls and elves, that haunt the hearts of men,
And run and write within you, tug your troth,
Stiffen the lip of pride, and twist the sneer,
Pull down the mouth in dudgeon and disdain,
Make eyes that lour and lure, and venomous tongues,
Lips white with wrath, and teeth on edge with anger;
The pillars of the peaceful home they sap,
Clang-to the door upon the ill-clad guest,
Stir up the feud of kin, and stain the board
With blood of hate, not wine of fellowship:—
Trolls, fetches, sprites are these of lust and power,
Rankling of envy, spite, revenge and malice:
All which the holy water exorcises
When faith goes with the taking.

When Gudrun amazes Bolli by telling him he may hope to wed her, adding, "It is a mad world, Bolli," the youth exclaims:

Mad? Aye, it rocks, it dances! All the grass
Sings, and the birds are clapping wings like hands;
The waves are laughing children, and their foam
Locks flung in revel; and I am king o' the feast!
What are they doing yonder—moulting faiths?
Fools! all their gods are puppets, all their creeds
Rags; but the God that sits among the stars
Is Love! For Him the sun glows, and the flowers
Flame, and the white clouds frolic with the moon.

Ignoring half a dozen other passages of equal beauty, we come at once to the last scene in the drama, the blind skald Liot's speech over the body of Kiartan, slain by Gudrun's husband Bolli, against whom he refused to strike in self-defence. Gudrun, Bolli and the faithful Hrefna are present, the speech being addressed to the first-named, by whom the tragedy has been wrought:

Live also you, and drink to its dregs your pride,
Clutching at love across a gulf of woe—
The dead white body of him who loved you both—
And loved too late the soul-born loveliness—
His body, blanched by you, for aye betwixt you,
Silent, as now, your last words aye unspoken.

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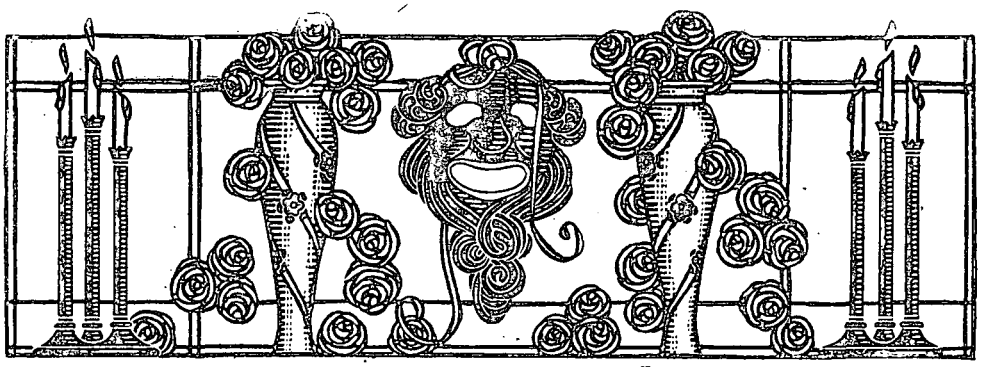
But as for him—these eyes have seen of old
Stars flocking in the sky, by some Great Hand
Shepherded to their wattles in the west;
But now upon my noonday darkness beam
Lights more divine, and mightier majesties:
Not till the stars are blown out in the night
Shall any breath extinguish such a soul.
But you, whose eyes still gaze upon our isle,
Lonely amid the foam of far-off seas,
Behold his fame aflame upon the clouds,
His pyre aglow upon the eternal hills!
The aurora is his watch-tower in the sky;
Iceland shall be God's acre for his bones;
And for his dirge and monument, behold
Her wild sea nesses and her windy walls
And hollow caverns washed with thundering waves.

If any one writing English verse today has achieved anything more imaginative or more beautiful than the last sixteen lines of *Kiartan, the Icelander*, it has escaped my observation. That the severe attack of illness from which the author is now suffering may have a happy ending must be the prayer of every lover of poetry.

Joseph B. Gilder.



FRENCH MEN OF LETTERS IN CARICATURE

The Second Empire Period.

The extravagances which followed the literary revolution of 1830, and which characterised French literary life through the reign of Louis Philippe, the Second Republic and the Second or Third Empire, made the poets, the dramatists, the novelists and the historians, as well as the men of public affairs, proper objects for the satire of the caricaturist. To understand the great French men of letters of the forties and fifties and sixties, it is not enough to confine one's self to the superficial study of their works; one must look into their environment and read shrewdly between the lines. In the England of the same time, literary workers occupied a very different position. Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Browning and Mr. Tennyson, were, perhaps, as widely known and as widely read in England as were their French contemporaries in France, but it was entirely by virtue of their books; and beyond a certain circle their personalities and their private affairs were matters of general indifference. If they were guilty of any flagrant violations of the conventions, their shortcomings were, of course, discussed with bated breath, but it was very seldom that these affairs were in any way made pub-

Émile de Girardin (1806-1880.)
After Drawing by André Gill.

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licly notorious by the newspaper press. The whole matter may be summed up briefly by contrasting the attitudes of their respective reading publics toward the eccentricities of George Eliot and George Sand.

Before the *coup d'état* by which Louis Napoleon placed himself on the throne Balzac had died; but Hugo, its relentless enemy, outlived the Empire, as did the elder Dumas, and Alfred de Musset knew it for five or six of its most fortunate and fruitful years. Probably there was no man of letters of the period of the Empire who naturally offered so much for the caricaturist as the elder Dumas—not even Hugo, whose pose and whose violence as a political partisan would seem to have made him the natural prey of those cartoonists whose sympathies were Bonapartist. There were so many sides on which Dumas not only might be assailed, but on which he absolutely invited attack. His mad excesses and extravagances were of the kind which would have forced themselves upon the attention of the public even if the public had been much less interested in the personality of the man himself. His vanity, colossal and good-

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE (1802-1870).
After Drawing by Nadar.

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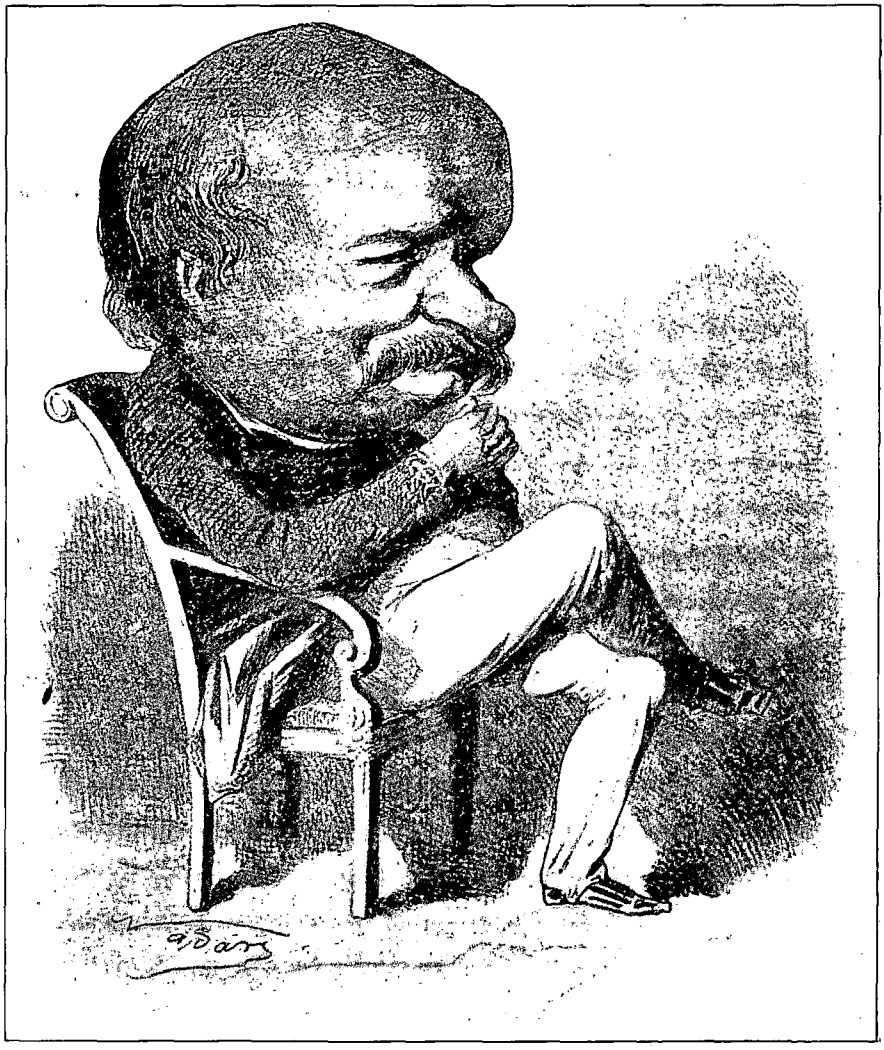
natured, was of that peculiar kind which showed in his every action the heritage of his grandmother, Louise Dumas, the negress of Martinique. Dumas, too, had dabbled some in politics; he tried to enter Parliament in 1847 as a representative of Saint-Germain, but Saint-Germain very wisely judged him to be too immoral; he tried again a year later, but, as has been pointed out, a parliamentary candidate who flings his constituents in the river, as Dumas did, when they happen to disagree with him is something of a novelty. In connection with his candidacy, however, there is one political prophecy which has been ascribed to him which is worth while repeating. It was in 1848, after the abdication of Louis Philippe. Commenting upon the political state of Europe: "Geographically," he said, "Prussia has the form of a serpent, and, like it, she seems to be asleep, and to gather her strength in order to swallow everything around her —Denmark, Holland, Belgium; and when she shall have swallowed all that, you will find that Austria will be swallowed in its turn. And perhaps, alas! France also."

Apropos of Dumas's candidacy at this period, the *Manchester Guardian* recently unearthed and reprinted the extraordi-



JULES SANDEAU (1811-1883).

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nary composition in which Dumas set forth his claims to popular suffrage. In this document, of which the arithmetic is not always correct, Dumas shows how for twenty years the work of his pen has found a living for six hundred and ninety-two persons. The composition follows:

Aux travailleurs!

Je me porte candidat à la députation; je demande vos voix. Voici mes titres.

Sans compter six ans d'éducation, quatre ans de notariat et sept années de bureaucratie, j'ai travaillé vingt ans à dix heures par jour, soit 73,000 heures. Pendant ces vingt ans j'ai composé 400 volumes et 35 drames. Les 400 volumes, tirés à 4,000 exemplaires et vendus 5 francs l'un, soit 11,853,600 francs, ont produit —aux compositeurs, 264,000 francs; aux pressiers, 528,000 francs; aux papetiers, 633,000 francs; aux brocheuses, 120,000 francs; aux libraires, 2,40,000 francs; aux courtiers, 1,600,000 francs; aux commissionnaires 600,000 francs; aux cabinets littéraires, 4,580,000 francs; aux dessinateurs, 28,000 francs. Enfin, en fixant le salaire quotidien à 3 francs, comme il y a dans l'année 300 jours de travail, mes

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS (1824-1895).
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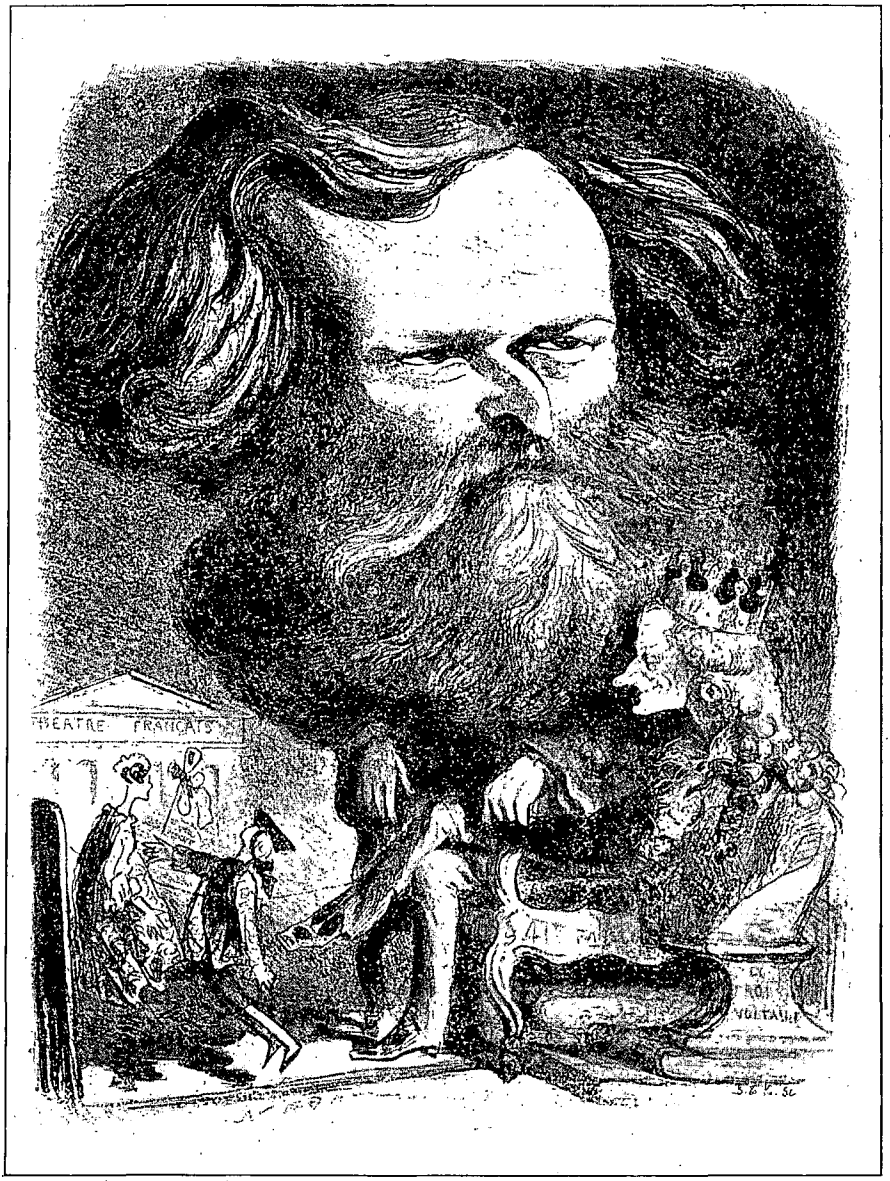
livres ont donné, pendant vingt ans, le salaire á six cent quatre-vingt-douze personnes.

Les 35 drames, joués cent fois chacun, l'un dans l'autre, soit 6,360,000 francs, ont produit—aux directeurs, 1,400,000 francs; aux acteurs, 1,250,000 francs; aux décorateurs, 210,000 francs; aux costumiers, 149,000 francs; aux propriétaires des salles, 700,000 francs; aux comparses, 350,000 francs; aux gardes et pompiers, 70,000 francs; aux marchands de bois, 70,000 francs; aux tailleurs, 50,000 francs; aux marchands d'huile, 525,000 francs; aux cartonniers, 60,000 francs; aux musiciens, 157,000 francs; aux pauvres (droits des hospices), 630,000 francs; aux afficheurs, 80,000 francs; aux balayeurs, 10,000 francs; aux assureurs, 60,000 francs; aux contrôleurs et employés, 140,000 francs; aux machinistes, 180,000 francs; aux coiffeurs, 93,000 francs; soit au total, 6,360,000 francs.

Mes drames ont fait vivre à Paris, pendant dix années, 347 personnes. En triplant les



ARSÈNE HOUSSAYE (1815-1896).
After Drawing by Nadar.

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chiffres, pour toute la province, 1,041. Ajoutez ouvreuses, chefs de claque, fiacres, 70. Total, 1,458 personnes. Drames et livres, en moyenne, ont donc soldé le travail de 2,160 personnes. Ne sont pas compris là-dedans les contre facteurs belges et les traducteurs étrangers.

Mars, 1848.

Imprimerie Crété, à Corbeil.

Alexandre Dumas.

The striking antithesis to the elder Dumas is to be found in his son. The latter inherited much of his father's talent; he inherited few of his vices and absurdities. The author of *La Dame aux Camelias* and *L'Affaire Clémenceau* was in his work and in his domestic life essentially an orderly and serious man. The paternal example had borne fruit. "My father," he used to say, "is a big baby that

SAINTE-BEUVE (1804-1869).
After Drawing by Eugene Girard.

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I had on my hands when I was still a child." On one occasion, in reply to a statement that the elder Dumas had been called to account for having done something ungentlemanly, he said: "It is not true, else he would have mentioned the fact in his *Memoirs*."

There were many episodes in the life of Sainte-Beuve and many sides to his character that rendered him vulnerable to the pencil of the cartoonist. In the first place, confining one's self entirely to his literary work, his career was a series of contradictions. Despite his skill, his fine thought, his power of characterisation, his judgment was constantly being biased by passing personal irritations. Almost every one of the important writers of his period was by him at some time discussed with the greatest admiration and at some other pursued with the bitterest envy. He was once summed up

CHAMPFLEURY (1821-1829).

After Drawing by Nadar.

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by Buloz, the founder and editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* who compared him to "a sheep, crazy with rancour, but lacking strength for revenge."

In the caricature of Théophile Gautier which accompanies this article the artist has succeeded in introducing something illustrative of almost every phase of the character of the author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin, Le Capitaine Fracasse* and *Emaux et Camées.* Over all there is the Oriental effect, that love of gorgeous colour which led him to go about the streets of Paris, a fez on his head, a loose velvet jacket hanging in folds from his broad shoulders, his feet encased in elaborately patterned yellow Turkish slippers—which led him, moreover, into a thousand eccentricities of speech and deportment. In his younger days he delighted in pos-

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT (1821-1880).
After Drawing by Eugene Girard.

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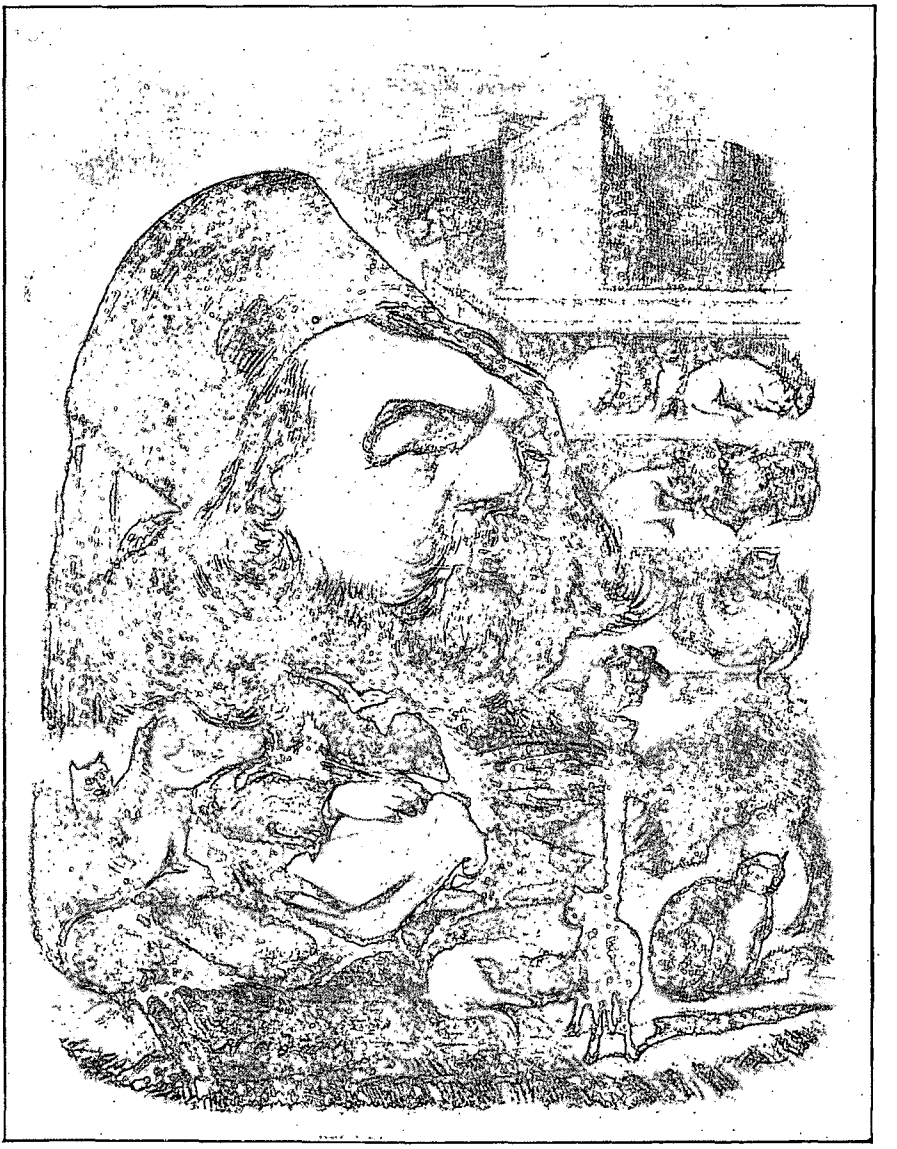
ing as a Bohemian lion, and it was only the energetic measures taken by his family which pushed him to the completion of *Mademoiselle de Maupin,* the publication of which brought him immediate celebrity. He and Balzac became collaborators, and for a time Gautier was persuaded to adopt the author of the *Comédie Humaine's* method of working entirely by lamplight. The following anecdote illustrates curiously the relations between the two. A publisher had conceived the idea of bringing out a series, "Frenchmen Painted by Themselves," and Balzac, being consulted in the matter, suggested that the essay on himself should be written by Gautier. Gautier agreed, and it was arranged that five hundred francs should be paid for the contribution.

A short time after the publication of the article, Balzac went to visit Gautier and laid down on the latter's table the



THÉOPHILE GAUTIER (1811-1873).

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sum of two hundred and fifty francs. Gautier looked up in amazement. "But I thought you said the price was to be five hundred francs?" "So it was, my dear fellow," responded Balzac, "but reflect. If I had not existed you would not have had the opportunity of writing so many pleasant things about me. So we are collaborators. Consequently, half the sum should go to you as author and the other half to me as subject. Am I not right?" "As right as Solomon himself!" said Gautier. And the amazing part of the whole matter is that Gautier persisted in seeing nothing out of the way in Balzac's attitude in the affair.

There were not so many sides upon which Gustave Flaubert could be assailed by the caricaturists. He was one of the most fastidious of all workmen, and consequently most of his time was passed at his writing-desk, far from the fierce turmoil of Parisian life. On the other hand, Girardin and Rochefort were, through the very nature of their lives, being constantly cartooned. Both felt themselves to be, and were, great political forces. Girardin, it will be remembered, had the misfortune to kill in a duel Armand Carrel, whom Thackeray called "the best man in France." Rochefort, even more than Hugo, was the natural butt of those caricaturists devoted to the destinies of Louis Napoleon. But none of the cartoons directed against him could hit deeper or leave a more lasting sting than his own sallies in the columns of the *Lanterne*. His favourite method of attack was one which either made prosecution impossible or else made the prosecutor ridiculous. In the *Lanterne* one found apparently innocent squibs which ran something like this: "The Emperor sat yesterday for his portrait, which is being painted by M. ——. M. —— has won wide distinction as a painter of animals, and it is expected that the Emperor's portrait will prove a great success."

L. E. Roussillon.

HENRY ROCHEFORT AND HIS "LANTERNE."
After a caricature by Frédéric Régamey.

The first number of the *Lanterne*, which Rochefort established after leaving the *Figaro*, appeared June 1, 1868. Fifty thousand copies of this number were sold. On the 26th of August, Rochefort, condemned to ten thousand francs fine and thirteen months imprisonment, sought refuge in Brussels. Thereafter it was from Brussels that copies of the *Lanterne*, waging its fierce war against the Empire, were smuggled into France.

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A VISION

Oh, Love! I list with all my heart, my soul,
While 'cross the azure dome of Winter's sky
Are strung the strings of Seraphs' mystic lyre
For Festal Time, when amber arches high
Unfold and let the Blest of Heaven through.
'Tis now may come a finer sense of sounds
Afloat upon the sensuous fragrant night,
And now a conscious power beyond the bounds
Of mortal ken. Hark! the jacinth wall
Has parted—lilting liquid strains of ecstasy
Make glad the air. Oh God! among them all,
I pray one moment let me see her face!
One moment feel the touch of pinions fair,—
The Vision! Ah my Love! my Love is there!

Annah Robinson Watson.

THE BASES OF THE DRAMA

III. The Audience.

In the drop-curtain of many theatres will be found a round hole the smallness of a sixpence, and yet of a magnitude that through it, between the acts, the folk on the working side of the footlights may read in the unconscious faces turned toward them the verdict—Failure or Success—however colossal it may loom. This peep-hole fairly symbolises the relation of the mimic world behind the curtain toward the real world beyond: seemingly unaware of its presence, yet sympathetically and structurally adjusted to its pleasure, dependent on its approbation for the right to live! Unlike the statue, picture, book, a play cannot afford to wait for a favorable judgment. A play once produced is doomed or chosen for all time. Accordingly, even in the rapt ecstatic moments, when playwright and players are on their knees before their art, always the tail of the mind's eye is looking through that peep-hole at the audience!

A play come to full fruition must be regarded as a product; an art-illusion, in which three accessories, creator, impersonators and witnesses, have had a hand. Economically, the value of an audience to a production is to assist a conspiracy in the nature of the children's game "pretend!" Under conditions admittedly unreal, a story is to be mimed before them, and just as far as the result affects them temporarily with a sense of reality, so far is the production constructively a success. Whether or not it pleases is another matter!

The stage, from the standpoint of the play-builder, may be regarded as a box in which anything may happen. One side of the box has been knocked out that the children may see the fun. This is one of the artificial conditions through which the theatre works, this sacrifice of reality to produce an effect of realism, this asking spectators to accept as complete a room with all the furniture, doors, windows, conservatory, fireplace, bric-a-brac, that ordinarily would be distributed about four walls, crowded into three. While the fourth wall of the apartment, the side of the puppet-booth presented to the children, is invisible, none the less it is practically a fact, stretching from flies to footlights, a demarcation in substance as imaginary, in effect as operative as the polar circle, serving to close in the drama's *mise-en-scène*. The dramatist, in arranging his play, assumes this hypothetical screen to ensure his characters due privacy. How could Lady Macbeth, for example, have planned the deep damnation of her crime except in solitude! Accordingly, when she sits, as you would phrase it, facing her audience while she plots, in the reality of art she is alone, gazing at a wall. But while he never allows his

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characters to be conscious of the presence of witnesses, never can the dramatist afford to lose sight of this. Always he is manipulating the movement of the play, so that its best foot is toward this aspect of the scene, and if by chance at times the action seems to be slewed about and its back turned on the auditorium, be sure that the effect has been carefully calculated, and that the drama's back is speaking to you for the moment more eloquently than its face could do!

On the other hand, be it never so opaque in intention, be it a bosky thicket in green Arden or the impenetrable masonry of a Bastile, to the men and women of the audience this fourth wall is a transparent hypothesis, a medium of purest crystal, through which unchallenged you enter into the private lives of the persons of the play, their secret motives, love-episodes, hidden crimes, nay, the penetralia of their very souls! It is a prime rule of the game that from the outset the playwright shall take you into his confidence, keeping you posted as to who's who, what all the pother is about, and what is doing, that you may lose none of the forward march of intrigue, plot and counterplot. Of course, you expect him to hold your interest by the way he works out his problem, to spring playful little mines upon you, to make you laugh and cry, to keep you breathlessly wondering just how he will arrive at inevitable results, but all the while he is pledged on his reputation as an artist never to deceive you for any appreciable lapse of time in regard to motive, identity, character. This is one of the significant differences between literature and the drama, between the drama and life, the point at which apprehension of motive, identity, character, begins. The novel may hold us in suspense until the end before the characters unmask; life may keep us waiting indefinitely to prove a friend, but the drama never. It must open by placing at the disposition of the audience a clear statement of its human case, a synopsis of relationships, an understanding of the motives that actuate the persons of the play. This is not an untried theory; it is the sum of the experience of the ages by which plays have lived or died. Every decade a playwright or so, generally recruited from the ranks of novelists, arises and attempts to defy this law, forgetting that playcraft and novelcraft are separate trades. Invariably failure awaits his disregard of a principle that the intelligence and sympathies of immemorial audiences have established; invariably the readers of his book look upon the story from a new standpoint when they are the audience at his play, and reject his efforts to kill two birds with one stone, as artistically unsound. Some of the most charming surprises in fiction come by withholding important information till the close: when that same fiction is placed upon the stage, it must undergo a reconstruction and the surprise be handed to the audience, to be accepted as an initial fact. The reader enters into the *dénouement* from the standpoint of the characters in the book, while the audience regards the whole thing from an extraneous and objective point of view. In *The Vicar of Wakefield* we are satisfied not to learn till the final chapter that the eccentric Mr. Burchell is a nobleman in disguise; but when the book is dramatised upon the stage, we insist on piercing the disguise as soon as Mr. Burchell comes upon the scene. Mark how Shakespeare manages a like situation. In *Measure For Measure* Duke Vincentio gives it out that he is off to foreign parts. Isabella, Mariana, Lucio and Angelo fall into his trap, but not so you and I. Shakespeare invites us to a scene wherein the Duke confides to Father Thomas his intention to don friar's weeds and stay at home, "and, as 'twere a brother of your Order, visit both prince and people!" The play consists in watching prince and people taken in by this transparent masquerading, and the climax of enjoyment comes in witnessing their surprise at being wed, forgiven, hanged, according to their merits!

A novelist writes for one intelligence; a playwright for an aggregation of intelligences. The reader for whom the novelist writes can turn back over preceding pages to puzzle out a meaning, compare old impressions with new; but at the play a living story is moving forward, with every step gathering cumulative evidence, like a huge snowball rolled up before the eye, and for that reason each statement must be assented to by the average intelligence present, every fresh development be founded on a lucid apprehension of the premises, and each picture in the

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panorama be a sequel to the pictures that have gone before.

As with dramatic identities, so with character. In life we glibly say we know people; we count a score, at least, of individualities whose possibilities we believe ourselves thoroughly to have explored. As a matter of fact, often we know but one aspect of a character, just as for all our eons of contemplation we have beheld but one face of the moon! In general, our knowledge of a person may be summed up as an average of aspects, and even this may be coloured by the prejudice or prepossession of some go-between! True, this average knowledge is averagely right; reputation never wholly lies, and in the long run most people stand before their world for what they really are, albeit at tangent moments they may be misjudged. But the persons of the play must not be permitted to suffer from the slightest misconception in the eyes of the audience. The companion seated beside you at the theatre you see but darkly, the child of your flesh, the partner of your bosom, are more or less an enigma to you; but these illusory beings, these figments of another man's imaginings are as an open book to you. *Othello* has not been five minutes in the torchlit street before you read him to be proud, brave, honourable. Quick action is the soldierly habit of his life; for it is his wedding night; yet summoned to repel the Turkish fleet from Cyprus, "With all my heart!" is his reply. A trusting friend, you read him; for who shall escort his bride to Cyprus? "My ancient! He is a man of honesty and trust!" Implicit belief in those he loves is shown by his answer to Brabantio's parting fling: "Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see! She has deceived her father and may thee!" . . . "My life upon her faith!" Such is Othello. Before two scenes are over we know him. His lofty character compels our admiration; we love him, trust him—and we tremble for him! In Desdemona's favour our hearts are enlisted at the outset. Even in his railings her father terms her "gentle, fair and happy!" She has domestic virtues; Othello pictures her hanging on his tales of hair-breadth scapes "till house affairs would draw her thence." Romance envelops her; Roderigo is hopelessly in love with her; innumerable curled wealthy darlings languish for her, but "a maiden never bold," she has seemed "opposite to marriage" till she met the Moor. From the moment Desdemona comes into the council chamber we know what high nobility of conduct to expect of this fair daughter of the Doges. The third statement of character necessary to the drama's movement begins with the opening lines, when we learn that Iago is playing Judas to the Moor; but the full extent of his intellectual depravity cannot be grasped till we have him to ourselves in the moment of self-revelation that crowns the act. The theatric instinct latent in us all may cause a man through vanity to heighten the complexion of his villainy in conversation with his fellows, but when we catch the villain in his secret meditations, deliberately plotting to ensnare trusting master, pure woman, loyal friend, through their finest qualities—qualities which no one better than himself can estimate—then any monstrous act in hell engendered is conceivable of such a one. That Iago's last deed should be to stab his wife in the back is merely the punctuation, the Amen, to his masterly career of treachery. In this great work of art the audience were present when the seeds of intrigue were sown; the audience behold a man and woman standing toward each other in the relation that above all others calls for unclouded intimacy, yet veiled from each other as to their souls, while the third person by whose vile schemings the audience know this reciprocal obnubilation to have been brought about, appears to his victims in the garb of honesty. From the opening the audience foresee the inevitable tragedy.

That is drama from the standpoint of the auditorium—seeing imaginary persons duped, bewildered, baffled by one another, just as we are duped, bewildered, baffled by one another in real life. Drama consists in watching some one believe some one else to be what he is not. When a person is made ridiculous by these misapprehensions of character or identity, then a farce is the outcome, and the more befooled that person the greater the fun of the fair. But when the misconceptions are founded on moral qualities, then enter Tragedy, just as in real life!

But it is to be remembered that structurally these deceptions are confined to one side of the crystal wall. You, the

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audience, are not befogged by disguises, misled by the subtlest machinations. Your searchlight gaze reads souls beneath the cloak of circumstances. For the price of admission, you, the audience, are miraculously endowed with the gift of fernseed and the omniscience of Providence!

So far we have considered the audience as a mechanical factor. Now a word is needed on its sympathetic influence to a production. It is the third member of the dramatic trinity that constitutes the animating spirit. A play, until it has been fairly presented to a representative group of witnesses, is an untried experiment, a potential achievement. A dress-rehearsal to empty benches is a demonstration *raté*, because the third side of the triangle is wanting; author and actors alike are aiming their blows at a dark and dismal nothingness. New life is infused into such a repetition merely by the presence of stage hands, orchestra and the presiding genius of the box-office who has strolled in to forecast the probable success or failure of what he terms "the show," because, as we have agreed, a play is not a positive and independent entity; a play is an effect. But the judgment of spectators more or less personally or pecuniarily interested in the event counts for little in the way of prophecy. In the long run it is the man who pays for his ticket, who does not know the actors, does not care who wrote the play, that is the real judge. The vituperations of the morning paper, however coruscating, affect the play's reputation only till the evening paper comes out. The praise of the evening paper, however strenuous, matters to the play only till the second night's performance. The weekly paper, no matter how judicial its analysis, comes as an after-thought, when public opinion already has been formed. It is this multicapitate person who buys his evening's entertainment—this impassive, impersonal party incapable of analysis, but who "knows what he likes," as he will phrase it, and "tells his friends about it," that makes the play's material success! Moreover, if he is pleased, though not of the type that can classify sensations—indeed, for that reason all the more!—his pleasure will project itself across the footlights with an emotional value to the occasion not to be withstood. The stage at best is a creature of the emotions; the drama lives by its appeal to the human heart. If a playwright has an intellectual bark to float, he must float it on a wave of feeling, because the man who pays invariably feels before he understands!

This sympathetic bond is another of the conditions that complicate a cold-blooded exposition of dramatic art. Theoretically, the approbation of the audience must not be bid for; never must it be bid for at any expense of art, and yet it is in the direct manifestation of this approbation that the diffident playwright, sensitive actor and commercial manager live, move and have their being. This rapport between the two worlds is a palpable thing. Until it is established, the stage remains a puppet-booth, the drama a dead letter; but once it quickens, and lo! a miracle is wrought! Work is vitalised, new and higher effort rendered easy. The heart of the one that conceived the play, the hearts of those that impersonate it, are warmed as by a Pentecostal fire! And you, the audience, are no longer alien units. Fused by a common interest, you have become a body judiciary, at whose tribunal right and wrong ethically, artistically, may fearlessly be tried. Your several hearts are amalgamated into one great human heart with tears and smiles for human joy and pain.

It is asked, perhaps, if the temper of different audiences does not differ widely. Widely, indeed; but in this brief sketch one broad generalisation may be ventured: different plays naturally bring forth dissimilar classes of assemblages, also a series of audiences attending the same play will show widely diverse characteristics, nevertheless in all gatherings come together for legitimate entertainment the general temper is passive; the intellectual and ethical notes are lined up in a quiescent state, and it is for entertainers and entertainment to give the occasion the colour of personal quality, calling out the higher or the lower nature of this passive assemblage. A coarse joke from the stage never fails to elicit a burst of coarse laughter from some of the units in the mass; an irrelevant damn may be counted on to awaken abandoned shrieks of joy, and yet if the sense of the whole body could be taken, coarseness for coarseness's sake never would be found to be the unanimous, not even the predominating, note.

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The man who pays always wants to laugh, and he will laugh at the joke he understands.

On the other, and avengingly optimistic, hand, it may be said that rarely is the finer thing thrown away. Somewhere in the auditorium the subtlest shaft will find its mark. Provided their sympathies are won, the audience will vibrate to the highest spiritual strain. Galleries and stalls alike are elemental in praise of patriotism, noble sacrifice, the eternal triumph of virtue over vice. Provided the drama's medium of expression is Homeric in simplicity, Shakespearean in luminosity, and human as life, the best will not be found too good for the audience.

With such a boundless reciprocity uniting the two worlds, how great the mutual responsibility!

Marguerite Merington.

MAETERLINCK AND THE FORBIDDEN PLAY *

French literature, just at present, is uncommonly full of surprises. Bourget, for the time being, has abandoned the higher strata of Parisian life, the milieu of the boudoir and the cercle, in order to chronicle the annals of a peasant family; Marcel Prévost has produced a novel adapted to the standards of a newly-established Young Person's Library; and, most unexpected of all, Maurice Maeterlinck has written a play possessing a clear-cut plot and an abundance of dramatic action. Hitherto Maeterlinck's plays have confessedly not been intended for stage production. Occasionally a talent of the first order, as recently that of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, has succeeded in throwing over such a play as *Pélleas et Mélisande* the glamour of an interesting and elusive personality; but such a success is a purely individual triumph, won quite independently of the qualities of the drama. As a matter of fact, Maeterlinck is too much of a dreamer; he thinks and lives too far outside of the beaten track of human life to be able to interpret that life so as to appeal to the average normal man or woman. From *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles* to *Aglaveine et Sélisette* there is scarcely a character which can be pronounced wholly human, in the sense that humanity is necessarily complex and many-sided. On the contrary, they are essentially simple in construction, frail little beings from the borderland of mystery, creatures of instinct rather than of soul, and made to vibrate in response to a single note; some one of the basic primitive emotions, such as love or hate or envy, anxiety or terror. Terror especially is a dominant quality in all of Maeterlinck's plays. It might almost be called his fundamental note—and it is such an easy, simple note to strike. It needs but the suggestion of something happening behind closed doors or a curtained window; of men groping in the darkness of physical or moral blindness, or the hint of unseen presences in the air, the sound of beating wings in the wind, or the rain tapping with its fingers, "myriads of fingers," upon the pane, in order to convey a sense of vague, undefined dread. His very style heightens the effect—short, broken, panting sentences, full of the breathlessness of fear. In a measure, it is all trick-work, but of admirable cleverness, until its artificiality is betrayed in the light of a stage production. The very atmosphere of the plays, a stage-setting of legends, a sort of No-Man's-Land beyond the boundaries of time and space, loses half its glamour when interpreted in the naked reality of paint and canvas.

It has often been said that Maeterlinck was never really understood until his *Trésor des Humbles* came as a key to his methods of thought, a sort of commentary and interpretation of the ideas symbolised in his plays. Critics who had hitherto treated him with a more or less indulgent irony discovered in his philosophy an unexpected profundity. As a matter of fact, the qualities of his plays and his essays are singularly alike. In each sphere he is equally impracticable, equally outside of ordinary life. His

*Monna Vanna. Pièce en trois actes. Paris: E. Fasquelle.

The Buried Temple. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Sister Beatrice, and Adriane and Barbe Bleue. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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philosophy is essentially the philosophy of a dreamer and a poet. Lyric drama, lyric philosophy, lyric agnosticism,—through all that he writes one hears the vibrant note of the lyre. Take, for instance, *The Life of the Bee,* which embodies more direct observation of physical life than all the rest of his writings put together. It is just the sort of subject which should appeal to a nature like his; for bees, so far as we know them, are singularly like the personages in Maeterlinck's dramas, curious and interesting little symbols of patience and industry and heroism. Yet the book is far less a nature-book than it is a poem, a prose-poem of singular exaltation.

Equally lyric is *The Buried Temple,* the latest collection of Maeterlinck's essays. Its opening pages recall that early play, *Les Aveugles,* in which he showed a group of blind men groping pitiably in a cavern and seeking in vain for their guide, a priest, whose voice they no longer hear. And, finally, one of the old men stumbles over the body of the priest and finds that he is dead. The symbolism is sufficiently obvious: humanity as a whole is groping in the blindness of ignorance, and religion, hitherto our guide, is dead. That Maeterlinck's view-point is still essentially the same is shown at the very outset of his opening essay on "The Mystery of Justice," which is confessedly written "for those who do not believe in the existence of a unique, all-powerful, infallible Judge." The striking note of this essay and of those which follow is, that while frankly agnostic, they are, nevertheless, imbued with a spirit of optimism, a deep-rooted faith in the higher destiny of humanity. He teaches that there is a justice beyond the makeshift justice of courts and statutes —an absolute justice, unchanging and infallible. It is not the gift of an almighty, supreme power; nor does it reside in the forces of nature, which, so far as we know, is blind and indifferent to our needs. It resides in the heart of man; as firmly rooted and clearly defined in the heart of the veriest peasant as in that of the philosopher and sage. And so from thought to thought, from height to height, he carries us upward in a long, sweeping flight of poetry and elation and faith in human destiny, and it is only when the last page is turned and the voice is still and the fire spent that we realise how much of it all is words, words, words, and how little remains that is a permanent inspiration. In the essay on "The Past" there is, for the time being, a glamour in the thought that our past, instead of being a lasting burden, was never more wholly in our power than it is to-day; that it "depends entirely on our present, and is constantly changing with it." It is only what we ourselves remember of our past that really counts, so Maeterlinck argues; what others remember is beyond our control, and should be beyond our concern. Our own memories of our past vary every day, and "the most immutable facts, that seemed to be graven forever on the stone and bronze of the past, will assume an entirely different aspect; will return to life and leap into movement, bringing us vaster and more courageous counsels, dragging memory aloft with them in the ascent; and what was once a mass of ruin becomes a populous city whereon the sun shines again." This is the way in which the author of the *Treasure of the Humble* cradles us in illusions, and inspires us with the intoxication of his fancies. Yet, when the effervescence of his style has spent itself the burden of the past returns, not one whit the lighter for all his subtle reasoning. In spite of Maeterlinck, we cannot disregard the records that we leave behind us in the memories of other men.

In an article which was not, as a whole, characterised by his usual sympathetic understanding, the French critic, René Doumic, said one thing that was profoundly true when he found Maeterlinck guilty of "the charming error of attempting to assimilate literature to music." Looked at from this point of view, the consistency of method, the essential oneness of all he writes, becomes apparent. *The Buried Temple* is like a symphony by a great composer. He has taken a theme, the theme of justice, and elaborates it, expanding and differentiating, and introducing countless variations—new movements, different subordinate themes, but always reverting, sooner or later, to the dominant leit-motiv. His early dramas, *L'Intruse* or *La Princesse Maleine,* suggest nothing so much as a succession of minor chords on a rare old violin evoked by a master hand; wierd,

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plaintive chords that thrill the hearer with involuntary shivers and make the strings sob and wail in a sort of perverse ecstasy of dread. There is still something of this spirit discernible in the recent volume of plays, *Sister Beatrice* and *Adriane and Barbe Bleue,* which the author says are really librettos for which music is being prepared, and which Mr. Bernard Miall has cleverly translated with some interesting experiments in metre. For the purpose of criticism, these little plays may be placed in the group with Maeterlinck's earliest works. As a matter of curiosity, it would be interesting to know whether they were written recently, or, what is far more likely, were early experiments. In any case, they count for little in the author's literary development.

It is far otherwise with the recent tragedy, *Monna Vanna,* which achieved something very like a triumph at the Nouveau Théatre on the 17th of last May. In it Maeterlinck is supposed to have vindicated his claim to the title of playwright. There can be no doubt that it is a radical advance upon anything that he has hitherto done in the field of dramatic art. It is only after one has studied the play for some time that the similarity of method, the little subtle resemblances to his earlier plays, begin to appear. There are many paradoxes in *Monna Vanna.* It is paradoxical in its principal motifs, since it aims to show a case where a husband is justified in consenting to his wife's dishonour, where a son is justified in calling down curses upon the father who stands ready to sacrifice his life for that son, and where a pure, true woman is justified in bearing false witness to her own shame. Above all, it is paradoxical in its pervading atmosphere; for although not a single improper action takes place during the whole three acts, and not a single phrase is uttered that in itself is objectionable, the whole effect is that of a play of startling audacity, one that it would be difficult to think of as being tolerated in an English-speaking country.

It is this quality of conveying certain ideas without either word or action that, more than anything else, gives *Monna Vanna* the hall-mark of Maeterlinck's manner. It is always the unspoken thought, the unseen action, that really counts in his plays. His characters always have the air of expressing but half their meaning; their thoughts are not with them on the stage before us, but elsewhere, perhaps just beyond the closed door at the back, perhaps over the mystic borderland between the spiritual and the real. This is a method which has given Maeterlinck many of his most striking effects, and never more so than in *Monna Vanna.* A brief analysis will make this apparent.

Pisa, besieged by Florence, is reduced to the last extremity. Her walls are crumbling, her ammunition spent, her soldiers exhausted, her women and children starving. Guido Colonna, the commanding officer, has sent his father to arrange terms of capitulation. The father returns, the bearer of tidings which, although they offer hope, he still hesitates to divulge. Prinzivalle, captain of the Florentine mercenaries, will spare the city; he will do more: he will send herds of cattle and sheep, wagons groaning beneath the weight of corn and wine, weapons and ammunition, to place Pisa for ever beyond the power of Florence's envy. In exchange he makes but one condition. But this condition means a sorrow for Guido such as should not fall to the lot of man. He demands that Guido's wife, Vanna, shall come to his tent for a single night, clad only in her mantle. The aged father, Marco, dares not take the responsibility of a decision involving the fate of thirty thousand lives. He appeals to the Pisan signoria, and they in turn have left the decision to Vanna herself. Guido, furious, yet impotent, suffering tortures of shame and grief and wounded honour, is forced to yield, and Vanna reads her duty clear and agrees to the sacrifice.

Act II takes place in Prinzivalle's tent. A mercenary, a man without a country of his own, he has been betrayed by Florence, and avenges himself by betraying her in return to the Pisans. In naming his price he scarcely knows what his real intentions are. Years before, he has known Vanna, when they were both little more than children, and ever since he has cherished her memory in his heart. Vanna, closely wrapped in her black mantle, enters the tent, calm, courageous, taciturn. Little by little he makes himself known to her, awakens her slumbering memories, recalls her early

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dreams of love, "those half-mad dreams that seem not meant for this human life of ours." And as they talk his wild, lawless purpose gives way to higher aims and motives. He has sent to Pisa the promised aid, the groaning loads of corn and of wine; he has fulfilled his half of the bargain; he releases her from hers. And Vanna, in a burst of recognition, insists that he shall return with her to Pisa to save him from the wrath of Florence. She herself is eager to return, to tell the glad news to Guido. It is part and parcel of Maeterlinck's method that throughout the act it is less what is happening before us that we have in mind than the vision present to the tortured imagination of the absent Guido.

Act III reverts again to Pisa. Guido, aged by the anguish of a single night, having by his inaction fulfilled his terms of the contract, is already planning vengeance. Vanna, heralded by the cheers and acclamations of the people she has saved, enters, followed by Prinzivalle. But when she attempts to tell Guido the truth, that Prinzivalle has spared her, that she returns as pure and inviolate as when she set forth the night before, Guido refuses to believe her. He insists upon the truth, the whole truth, every detail of the scene which his imagination has conjured up throughout the night. And Vanna, suddenly estranged by his lack of faith, and awakening to the knowledge that it is this generous stranger whom she loves rather than the husband who refuses to believe her word,—lies to save Prinzivalle's life,—lies boldly and fully,—gives Guido the details he demands, the atrocious details of what never took place. She avows that she has lured Prinzivalle back with her in order to inflict a lingering death upon him, and demands as her reward that she alone shall have the keys of his jail. And here again, as the curtain falls, it is the unspoken thought which predominates, and we know that for Vanna, who holds the key of Prinzivalle's prison, the sequel is not one of vengeance but of love.

Those who insist upon searching for symbols in Maeterlinck will have to look deeper than usual in *Monna Vanna*. In his earlier plays symbols are to be found at every turn of the page; they arise in bevies as thick as the swarms of bees he knows so well. In *Monna Vanna* they are more subtly concealed. There is still some of the familiar machinery of his earlier work,—his heroine still loses her ring, and other things besides, in limpid fountains. But these are trifles. To the reader who brings to *Monna Vanna* a mind still laden with memories of *The Buried Temple*, there is but one symbol, one motive, that counts, and that is the motive of justice. "On the one hand is reason, pity, justice; on the other, desire, passion, what you will;" and again: "Man, who means to be just, passes his whole life in sadly choosing between two or three unequal injustices." All things considered, it seems more reasonable to see in *Monna Vanna* a typical Maeterlinck play which by chance has approximated nearer than usual to the modern drama, than to see in it any indication of a permanent revolution in the literary methods of the author of *La Princesse Maleine*.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

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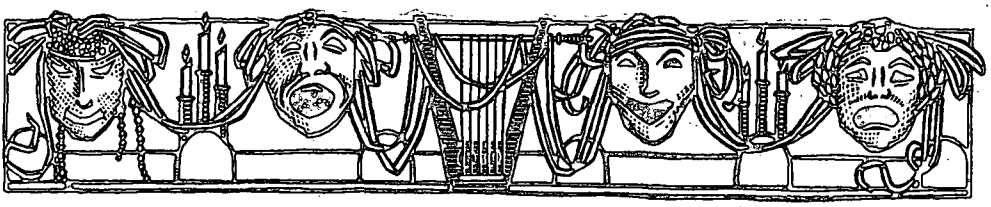

A BALLADE OF THE REVIEWER

I've read critiques for many years,
All in an easy-going way;
The serious, that move to tears,
The truly heartening and gay.
And I have marvelled (as you may)
That volumes come from every source
Which bring this estimate in play:
"His latest book's a *tour de force!*

If faint praise damns, as it appears,
To what does overpraise betray?
'Twould seem that the reviewer fears
Against bad writing to inveigh.
One recently—to my dismay—
A "maiden effort" to endorse,
Wrote: "Here's an author come to stay;
His *latest* book's a *tour de force!*"

A tale of travel in Algiers
As prosy as the badger's grey;
A "verse collection" hinting shears,
A "sea romance" as dry as hay!
Of politics a warped survey,
A "Dissertation on Divorce"—
I read of each in this array:
"His latest book's a *tour de force!*

Golf weather: Copy due to-day;
None ready—but he plays, of course!
Knowing 'twill be quite safe to say:
"His latest book's a *tour de force!*"

Edward W. Barnard.

FOUR BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

The Story of the Mormons.*

A recent anti-Mormon work was suggestive of a scene from the *Red-Cross Knight and the Dragon:* the "Mormon Monster" appeared on the field, and piercing shrieks were raised to Heaven. It is a relief to turn from the lamentations of the sectarian and to take up a volume marked by uniform sanity and a modicum of irony. Mr. Linn's prefatory notices on the sources at his command gives initial proof of the critical value of his judgment. He relies in the main on original documents, and uses but sparingly books that either whitewash the sinners or

*The Story of the Mormons. From the Date of their Origin to the Year 1901. By William Alexander Linn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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blacken the Latter Day Saints. However, in tracing the Mormon origin back to the progenitors of Joseph Smith, the influence of heredity is treated in a suggestive but not an exhaustive way. That rare Yankee chap-book, Solomon Mack's *Narrative*, betrays not merely persistent credulity and superstition, but the actual stigma of degeneracy in both the grandfather and the mother of the founder of Mormonism. Again, as regards the sources of the Book of Mormon, it is rather superficial to accept the traditional Spaulding-Rigdon theory. Like young Chatterton and the Rowley myth, young Smith was perfectly capable of producing by himself his curious medley of sectarianism, bastard archæology and local politics. At any rate, literary collusion is unprovable until after the publication of this "Record of the American Indians." So that sorry *deus ex machinâ*, Sidney Rigdon, need not be brought on the scene as the originator of the book, but only of the Church. Rigdon was a man of parts; but some of the parts were missing.

If one may find fault with the first section of Mr. Linn's book, it is not so with the rest. By balancing against one another garbled histories like Bancroft's, written under the auspices of the hierarchy, and the numerous "exposures" of apostates and renegades, the author devotes the five remaining sections of his work to a thrilling narration of the successive stages in the Mormon itinerary across the continent. In a keen portrayal of Joseph Smith, the theocratic bank-wrecker, and of Brigham Young, who counted on ruling the United States as he ruled his harem, the reader may at last find out whence the Mormon leaders of to-day derive their wild aims and treasonable ambitions. In all their history, personal duplicity, rather than a common polygamy, is seen to be the chief characteristic. The author has little need to refer to religious duplicity—an outward creed of sanctimonious orthodoxy, esoteric teachings on polytheism and "spiritual wifery";—the strongest count against Smith, the "martyr," and Young, the "lion of the Lord," was their deception regarding the material well-being of their followers. While there were misery and starvation along the whole Western trail, the missionaries in England were preaching a gospel compounded of the Book of Mormon and beefsteaks. The converts from abroad expected a Zion of happiness in Utah; instead they found an iron despotism, and a demand for "blood atonement" at the suggestion of an attempt to escape from the valley of the Great Salt Lake.

In the exposure of their semi-socialistic business schemes the Mormon reputation for mental ability must be greatly lessened. President Young succeeded in his tithing system because at any moment he could turn on the ecclesiastical thumb-screws; he preached an apostolic communism, but he kept the corner lots for himself. So the chapter on the Gentile irruption and business competition, and the consequent schism in the Church, bears out the saying, "Railway communications corrupt good Mormons."

The duplicity of the leaders, the fatuity of the followers, are reciprocally cause and effect of all that is bad and mad and sad in Mormonism. It is here that the telling force of the use of authentic church documents comes in. Sectarian writers and prejudiced apostates have fired so much hot shot that their guns have long since been strained. The reader longs for the cold type of original sources, and he gets it in such chapters as those entitled "The Hand-Cart Tragedy," "Some Church-Inspired Murders" and "The Mountain Meadows Massacre." In fairness, however, it should be said that the case is not all against the Saints; the politicians were somewhat to blame for the threatening growth of Mormondom. Mr. Linn, with his evident legal knowledge and practical acquaintance as to ways of swinging votes, shows, for example, the subserviency of the Illinois Legislature in granting the Nauvoo City charter with its autocratic provisions, and in allowing the founding of what was practically a State within a State. So, again, the contemptuous treatment of Federal officers in Utah is attributed to the fact that the majority of the incumbents were mere party hacks sent beyond the Rockies to be got out of the way. Thus, President Buchanan's lack of backbone explained the seditious attitude of the Mormons during the Southern rebellion. Until Colonel Connor marched to Camp Douglas and from its commanding position trained his

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guns on the city of the Saints, Brigham Young, as Indian agent, was the real territorial governor, while the best of the Federal judges were forced to look on like so many wooden Indians.

No story of the Mormons is complete without an examination of the social aspects of polygamy. The subject is one highly fitted for the stock-breeder, and the popular demand has been for the study in scarlet. A study in black and white is more effective. Judging from Young's disclosures about the character of his flock, Dean Swift's land of the Yahoos seemed actually revived in the bestial days of the so-called Reformation. I understand that this monumental work has been based chiefly on sources obtainable in the New York Public Library. The Berrian collection was originally donated to aid in the fight against polygamy, as represented in the person of Congressman Roberts. Mr. Linn's presentation of the legislative aspects of the case and his concluding remarks on the Mormonism of to-day should hereafter remove all excuse for what he terms "proof of the ignorance of the lawmakers about Mormon history, Mormon government and Mormon ambition." In fine, it may be said that *The Story of the Mormons,* for its thoroughness and impartiality, is without exception the most notable book on Mormonism that has yet appeared.

I. Woodbridge Riley.

II.

Harry Leon Wilson's "The Spenders."*

It is a pity that the publishers of Mr. H. L. Wilson's first novel, *The Spenders,* should have sought to direct public attention to "the quaint and homely philosophy" of Uncle Peter Bines, the principal character in the book. We have had altogether too much of what is called "quaint and homely philosophy" of late, and the term, which was an honest one when Mrs. Stowell wrote *Oldtown Folks,* has come to signify nothing but cheap platitudes, enunciated by illiterate persons in defiance of all rules of syntax. Uncle Peter deserves far better treatment at the hands of his would-be boomers, for he is a well-drawn, interesting, picturesque, and, above all, a genuine, American product. It was he and others of his kind who broke the way for civilisation across the Rockies, forced the hills and streams to reveal their golden secret, and in an incredibly short space of time built up and developed the far West.

Uncle Peter is first revealed to us as a hale and hearty man of seventy-four, who made his fortune as a miner in middle life, but still finds no greater pleasure than that of prospecting, hammer in hand, through the rocky fastnesses of Montana. He is the first of his line "the pioneer, contemporary with the stirring days of Fremont, of Kit Carson, of Harney and Bridger; the fearless striver toward an ever-receding West." The messenger who seeks him out in the mountain solitudes brings tidings of the sudden death, from apoplexy, of his son Daniel, an event which is announced also to the Bines of the third generation, who has recently graduated from Harvard and is yachting off Newport.

The multi-millionaire Bines family removes to New York, contrary to the advice and wishes of Uncle Peter. They settle at an establishment which the author calls "The Hightower Hotel," and the old saying about three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves is illustrated in what they do there and what befalls them. It would be unfair to both author and reader to relate Mr. Wilson's story in detail, but the dénouement, it may be said in all fairness, is one that would be well worth reading for, even if the body of the book were dull and tedious.

I confess that I would have enjoyed the book more had it not been for the "quaint and homely philosophy" advertisement that met my eye just before I opened it. Even up to the beginning of the very last chapter I was haunted by an awful fear that Uncle Peter, whom I had come to know and love, was to be brought East, and made to drink out of his finger bowl at a Tuxedo dinner party. He does nothing of the kind, however, and not a particle of warmed-over Widow Bedott humour clings to his sayings. Like Mr. Dooley, he is amusing because he knows something, and his humour is at all

*The Spenders. By Harry Leon Wilson. Boston. The Lothrop Company.

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times founded on the solid foundation of real knowledge. Not the least amusing trait in the old gentleman's character is his habit of breaking into the conversation of "city folks" with his reminiscences of faro banks and his henchman "Billy Brue," who is also a true product of the soil.

The real story which Mr. Wilson has to tell is of the manner in which the millions acquired by the first generation and augmented by the second are dissipated by the third in the line. In doing this, he has given us a truthful and sardonic picture of life in the expensive hotel in which the family take rooms, and where they meet precisely the sort of people that Western millionaires do meet when they come to New York in the belief that this hostelry is a royal road in nickel plate and plush into the best society.

It is a story of luxury and wastefulness on the one hand and of sordid avarice on the other, and certainly no writer within my recollection has portrayed more vividly the swarm of promoters, gamblers, miniature painters, impecunious fashionables, deadbeats and swindlers who constitute the Sahara Desert into which the millions of the Bines and other newly enriched families are poured.

It is a picture whose truth every experienced New Yorker will be quick to recognise, and one, too, which is certain to awaken the protest, "Why, that's not at all like New York society!" This is perfectly true. It is not in any way like New York society, but it is very much like the maelstrom which the unknowing who are floundering in it firmly believe to be society.

An affable young gentleman who frequents the Hightower at all hours of the day, and is believed by rustic visitors to be a prominent member of society, but whose real occupation is that of introducing visitors at a sumptuous gambling house, thus voices his opinion of Percival of the third Bines generation: "Say, Izzy, on the level, there's the readiest money that ever registered at this joint. You don't have to be Mr. William Wiseman to do business with him. You can have all you want of that at track odds."

After a winter of this peculiar grade of society Percival innocently asks his old college friend, Herbert de Lancey Livingstone, if "all the people in New York society are impecunious," and to this the latter naïvely makes answer: "Well, to be candid with you, Bines, about all that you are likely to meet are broke—else you wouldn't meet them, you know."

From the standpoint suggested by the Bines family, one can easily comprehend that antagonism between East and West which is made very plain in this story. The love of the West crops out in every chapter; but the West which the author loves is the true, great West of unbroken forests, splendid mountain peaks and broad, green prairies; and the New York which he offers in contrast to this is not the best that the city has to offer, but its vulgarest, tawdriest and most offensive side. The comparison, therefore, is not quite fair.

We can afford to forgive a certain coarseness of fibre and obvious faults in construction, because of the truths that Mr. Wilson has to tell and the earnestness with which he tells them in this his first novel. It is a book that will be liked by men rather than by women, and is more likely to appeal to Western readers than to New Yorkers. Women do not like the shattering of idols, and the original of the Hightower Hotel is enshrined in the feminine hearts of this country as a veritable temple of fashion, refinement and elegance; and, more than all that, the favourite lounging place of those who constitute that Park Row myth, "the Four Hundred."

James L. Ford.

III.

Elizabeth Godfrey's "The Winding Road."*

The love of peasant and gypsy is a fascinating theme for the fictionist, involving, as it does, the tragic conflict of contradictory race instincts. Can love make the Romany forget his "wanderhunger," or the peasant forego his impulse to take root in the soil? The possibilities of the theme were by no means exhausted by Prosper Mérimée or by Mr. Paderewski's librettist, and *The Winding Road* presents it in a somewhat novel aspect.

*The Winding Road. By Elizabeth Godfrey. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1902.

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Andrew was justified in disliking "that fiddling chap." Phenice and he were leaning over a gate at eventide. "Phenice put up her hand presently and picked a little bit of wool off the lapel of his coat" —for Andrew was a shepherd. Presently a "gay, wild melody" was heard over the downs. "The colour deepened in her cheek and a light came into her eyes; she straightened herself and drew a breath of expectation. As the light came into her face a shadow crossed her companion's." They had recognised "Mr. Jasper." That "unique, fantastic figure" took off his shapeless felt hat with a courtly grace as Phenice drew near. "The slender figure," Miss Godfrey adds, "might have been a boy's, but the brown, hatchety face and the inscrutable eyes looked as if they had seen many a strange sight, and had basked under many an alien sun." Elsewhere we learn that Mr. Jasper's eyes were hazel brown and that his lips were thin. It was not, then, manly beauty, as it is generally understood, but that indefinable something which in musical artists is called personality and magnetism, that attracted Phenice to the fiddler. Mr. Jasper's ways were, in fact, quite his own. He came and went as he pleased, avoiding leave-takings and ceremony; was never surprised or disturbed by anything that happened; was not much given to conversation, but liked, when in the humour, to tell long tales. He enjoyed appearing on a scene at just the moment when music would be appreciated, fiddling and then vanishing; in short, making a great mystery of himself. Mr. Jasper, it is clear, was not different in some ways from musicians who put up at the best hotels and travel about with a manager.

As for Phenice, she would undoubtedly have been a very commonplace person had Mr. Jasper never crossed her path. The fiddler, who had nestled himself into the bend of the chimney, watched her as she "moved quietly about the room, spreading a white cloth on the table and laying rough horn-handled knives and forks in their places."

"Amongst these homely things she went about with a grace born of harmony; there was an inner correspondence between her nature and all things simple and unpretending. Away in the town, where she had had her schooling, spite of all her love for books, she had been lost, astray; here she was in her own place. The dark-blue woolen gown, the check blouse of paler shade that outlined her well-developed figure, the knot of smooth brown hair in the nape of her neck, the little escaping tendrils about her brow, had no position; they simply expressed the womanly, serviceable nature, as the feathers of a little brown bird express bird-kind."

Phenice took things very quietly. Mr. Jasper was laid up at the farmhouse with rheumatic fever and Phenice was his nurse. When at last he was well again he announced his intention of going away, and asked quite simply why she shouldn't go with him. It made Phenice giddy to think of it all night, and the next morning, while a lark was singing overhead, she went to Jasper and laid her hand in his.

"It is madness, I know, but I am yours. I will go with you where you will."

Phenice did not go just then, but she did after a time. They were married and set out from England, tramping over the continent to the East, their only luggage the violin and the harp, which Jasper had taught Phenice to play. They had many adventures, the telling of which fill many chapters of the book. The time came, however, when Phenice's feet dragged. Jasper left her in a convent in France. He decided to go north on a whaler. "I have always hankered after the midnight sun and the icebergs and the polar bears," he explained.

The end of the tale is not far distant now. *The Winding Road* is no penetrating study of a complex theme; it is a gentle romance, a tale of adventure. One reads it as one dreams a pleasant dream, with interest, knowing the while that it is but a dream. There is many a bit of pretty description on these pages, and the narrative runs along with much easy charm of style. While the book is a "musical novel," it is one that even the unmusical can read. Miss Godfrey wisely abstains from rhapsodizing, and when she talks of music she can be understood equally well by those who do and those who do not understand the art.

Walter Strong Edwards.

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IV.

Mr. Harben's "Abner Daniel."*

A book of the type called wholesome, genuine, simple, is this recent production by the author of that successful novel, *Westervelt*. The sincere quality of *Abner Daniel*, its faithfulness in external details, at least, to the life and people described, and thet admirable unobtrusiveness of Mr. Harben's manner—these are virtues of the kind to inspire the reader with a considerable warmth of good feeling toward the novel that possesses them. Unhappily, however, there is little beynod these excellent manifestations of a temperament right-minded in its attitude toward life to recommend *Abner Daniel* as an important reflection of life in general, in Northern Georgia, the section where the scenes are laid, or elsewhere; its scheme is commonplace—this everlasting business about an investment and a mortgage; and the depiction of character is not deep.

But to the home-bred taste of the public that runs the sale of many novels a hundred times inferior, artistically, to the top notch of the market, the weakness of the book may be said to constitute its strength; for, first of all, it is a story, not a development of character, and the plot of the story is well manipulated, so that one never would feel quite sure, were it not for the established precedents of these cases, that old Bishop had not utterly ruined his family by his wildcat speculation until the very end is reached.

The sentiment surrounding Abner himself, and Pole Baker, the good desperado that he is, and young Alan's sweetheart, Dorothy, who is inconceivably frank and helpful, for a woman enmeshed in difficult circumstances by her love for Bishop's son,—this is something which a willing admirer of Mr. Harben's work must wish at the bottom of the sea. They are so like Sunday-school characters at times that the reader is tempted to forget his interest in them at the start, to ignore the striking faithfulness to life of the opening scenes of the novel, and even the admirable realism and moving quality of some of the dramatic moments.

With humour and unsparing precision in detail, Mr. Harben gives us a picture of the social life in a little North Georgia town; how the people who could go to the big hotel, the single one that the village boasted, without paying for their supper (that is, on occasions when entertainments were going on in the old-fashioned rambling structure) belonged to the most exclusive, the "hotel" set; how the young men of this exclusive circle met and took a vote on the question of wearing "spike tails" at a given function, and voting in the affirmative on this important proposition, appeared at the hotel in all manner of curious fits and misfits of borrowed evening clothing; and how throughout this apparently rudimentary social condition the young men, some of whom chanced to be shoe clerks, comported themselves with that peculiar well-bred, charming ease which to praise is to patronise, but which those who have been surprised by its presence in some way-back district of the South, will not fail to recognise in Mr. Harben's chapter. The village street in which Rayburn Miller's law office was located, and where everybody left the door open that his neighbour might run in and take away his time or his belongings, this is as clear to the mind's eye as if the reader, too, did business in the row. In all such suggestions of atmospheres and places Mr. Harben excels. This makes the book worth reading.

The natural thought that Abner is perhaps another edition of Eben Holden is dispelled as soon as the reader has gone far enough into the book to see that the old man is by no means tongue-tied to proverbs or other trite sayings clothed in homespun, as the phrase goes; he is really an original of the country-side, marked by his free thought and liberal sense of the absurd. The truth is, he is constantly repeating himself.

Carl Hovey.

*Abner Daniel. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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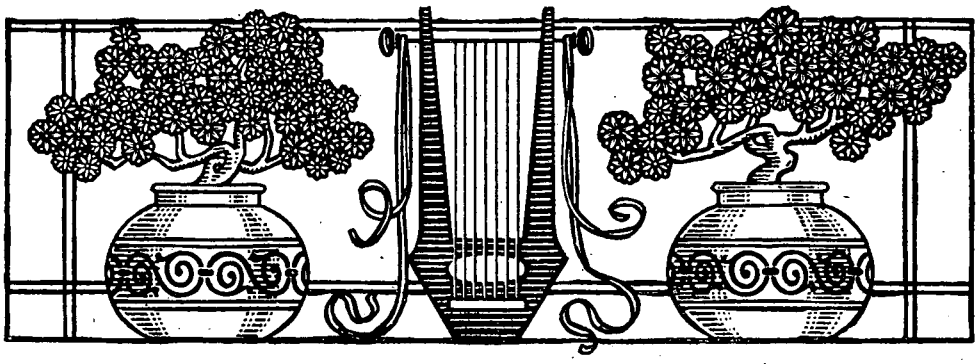

EARLY AMERICAN BOOKBINDING

AND KINDRED SUBJECTS.

By William Loring Andrews.

That bookbinding is an ancient, honourable and æsthetic employment, will not be gainsaid by any intelligent student of industrial art, and yet it is only within the last quarter of a century that it has begun to receive the attention to which it is deemed entitled by that small but constantly recruited band of enthusiasts who delight in fine books fitly bound, and who for this and other idiosyncrasies in regard to books have been mercilessly satirised ever since the days of that ironical old scribe Sebastian Brant. Prior to this comparatively recent period, writers, both here and abroad, taking their cue, it may be, from the crusty author of *The Ship of Fooles* and his equally caustic translator, aider and abettor, Alexander Barclay, Priest, appear to have regarded the topic as a trivial one, and of too little general interest to justify the expenditure upon it of even a modicum of their energies and talents; but of late the times have vastly changed in this respect, and the art which is to so great an extent preservative of the art of printing—for without a binding the leaves of a book would speedily part company—has now a surfeit of notoriety. Those past-masters in bibliopegy—the Eves, Le Gascon, Padeloup Le Jeune and the various members of the numerous and talented family of Derômes, would, I fancy, start in amazement from their long, dreamless sleep, could they hear the pæans now chanted in praise of the handicraft they carried to such perfection, in their quiet eyries, aloft amid the cooing and circling of doves, under the eaves of the steep-pitched roofs of the old city of Paris.

Few authors, little or great, since the days of that archetype of bibliophiles of loved and revered memory, Richard de Bury, have shown themselves possessed of a love of well-made books, or manifested any concern in regard to the manner in which their lucubrations were printed, bound and presented to the public gaze. Apparently, they regarded the matter with indifference, if not with a feeling akin to contempt—an altogether unnecessary painting of the fair lily of literature, which had budded and blossomed under their fostering care. This attitude on their part must strike even the casual observer as being a rather short-sighted one, to say the least. Most writers, I have been led by observation to conclude, are not free from a touch of egotism, and believe sincerely that "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn" which flow from the tips of their fluent pens, deserve, and will achieve, lasting fame. But, how, pray, can they be transmitted to posterity, if printed upon paper that has latent within it the seeds of decay, and encased in machine-made bindings too unsubstantial to withstand the gentlest usage for any protracted length of time, much less the rough-and-ready treatment that is quite certain to be their future lot; for few people know, or are solicitous to know, how to care properly for books and bestow

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upon them the zealous guardianship they require, in order to ensure them a ripe and serene old age.

If the books of the ancients had been of as perishable a nature as are the majority of those the modern press puts forth, the perennial fountains from which we now draw the wisdom and learning of past ages would have ceased to flow at their very sources, and we should have in lieu thereof, only the scanty and turbid rills of oral tradition and legendary lore. It is only too true that never since printing was invented has there been a time when books, as a rule, were in all respects, and not alone in the matter of binding, to so great an extent as they are to-day, the "larcenies from future ages" that Lesne, the poet bookbinder of the eighteenth century, declared poorly-bound books to be.

For this state of things the typographers are responsible. A decline in the art of printing is inevitably followed by a decadence in the arts related thereto. A fine exterior presupposes a well-made book; for, as has been well said: "The binding is the robe of honour in which we insert a noble book, and upon the binding we impress its external insignia of rank and merit." The conclusion which forces itself upon the mind of every one interested in the matter is this: that bookmaking in most of its branches, as practiced with varying degrees of skill and taste for three centuries after the great invention of movable type, is to-day as completely a lost art as is that of Oiron pottery or the enamel of Limoges.

> Then a book was still a book,
> Where a wistful man might look,
> Finding something through the whole
> Beating—like a human soul.
>
> In that growth of day by day,
> When to labour was to pray,
> Surely something vital passed
> To the patient page at last.
>
> Something that one still perceives
> Vaguely present in the leaves,
> Something from the worker lent,
> Something mute—but eloquent.

Truth and poetry are equally blended in these graceful lines of Austin Dobson; and now let us read the words penned by that scholar, and bibliophile, Richard Grant White, a quarter of a century ago, concerning the state of the arts of printing and bookbinding in this great, free and enlightened Republic:

"When I say that the art of printing and of bookmaking in general has not advanced in New York, or even in the United States, within the last fifty years, I may expect a chorus of protests, in which I fear the voice of Henry Houghton, of the Riverside Press, may be heard. But I do say distinctly, and without reserve or qualification, that New York could and did produce a handsomer book fifty years ago than she does (whatever her ability) now, and I hold myself ready to prove this by an example before a jury of experts in the art of bookmaking. This example is a copy of the Book of Common Prayer, published in New York in the year 1819. The printing of it, both for accuracy and beauty, is admirable, and would compare advantageously with the best work of its period in England. The letter, the justification, the register, the ink and the presswork are of the best kind, and have a solidity and dignity of expression which command respect. The binding, which is in straight-grained crimson Morocco, is such as William Matthews need not be ashamed of, and such, indeed, as he himself puts only on the finest, specially ordered 'extra' work. The taste of the ornament would not have satisfied Count Grolier, but it is far better than that of the usual English work of its period, and the delicacy of the tooling, both the gilt and the dead work, and the exactness of the mitring are quite equal to that of the most celebrated English binders of the time, superior, indeed, to Roger Payne's. It might not unreasonably be supposed that such a book as this was printed and bound in England. Not so. It was stereotyped by D. and G. Bruce, New York, a well-known firm of that period, and it was printed by J. and J. Harper, a New York printing firm, tolerably well known at the present time, but then only of nascent fame. . . . Who was the binder I do not know, and I am sorry that I cannot give him credit for such a specimen of New York skill and taste at that period. It might be supposed that this copy was specially bound to order, which, however, if it were the case, would not affect the question of the skill and the taste of the

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period; but it is not so. This copy is not only one of two exactly alike which were in my father's pew in St. George's Church in Beekman Street, but I have seen other copies of it exactly like these in design and execution, although the work is not done with a stamp, but what is known as hand-tooling. This shows that the book was bound up for general sale in this style, and although it, of course, must have been very costly at that time, particularly as it is illustrated with line engravings, none the less it is like St. Paul's Church, the Old City Hall and the statue of Hamilton, a witness to the taste and culture of New York, and the skill of her artisans fifty years and more ago."

This is warm praise and sharp criticism, and will no doubt be met with a smile of incredulity by our modern bookmakers, but the bibliophile will endorse every word of it, save, I trust, the statement that the binding on this Book of Common Prayer is superior to any produced by Roger Payne. I would not name them in quite the same breath, for one is the work of a master, whose style of decoration, as William Matthews has truthfully said, was strikingly his own, the other that of a pupil and imitator. Furthermore, the paper used in the book so highly extolled by Mr. White must have contained that deleterious ingredient which proved the bane of so much of the paper manufactured at that period, both here and in England, and caused it, in process of time, to "fox" and turn a dirty brown in spots; but Mr. White probably was not aware of this imperfection when he wrote his spicy comment and threw down his gauntlet to the bookmakers of New York.

We are more fortunate than the Shakesperian commentator in that we have before us two copies of this Book of Common Prayer bound in the style that he describes, one of which, an heirloom in the family of Mr. Beverly Chew, contains the binder's ticket, H. I. Megary, a New York stationer, printer and publisher in the early part of the last century whose name is well and favourably known to collectors of engraved pictures of the City of New York. The other copy, belonging to Mr. Bowen W. Pierson, is in the same style, and the same tools were employed in the decoration, but were worked after a different design. The lettering on the back is in Gothic type, a character we would not be surprised to find employed upon the back of a black-letter "fifteener," but its use on a modern book is quite exceptional.

The artistic binding and exterior decoration of books, so long a neglected study, may be said without exaggeration to have latterly become a rage. Annual exhibitions of richly-decorated bindings are conspicuous features of our Metropolitan book-shops, and treatises more or less erudite upon the art of bookbinding, follow one another in rapid succession from a press whose watchful pilots are ever closely scanning the literary horizon, and stand prepared to trim their sails hourly, if need be, in order to catch the shifting winds of capricious popular fancy. Thus the pendulum swings to and fro, and we vibrate from one extreme to the other in our tastes and temporarily ruling passions.

The Bibliography of Books upon Bookbinding, published in 1893 by Miss S. T. Prideaux, herself a successful practical exponent of the art, embraces four hundred and seventy-five titles. In the years that have elapsed since, additional works by the score have made their appearance, many of which are little more than compilations from the writings of previous authors. A small proportion (such as essays by those whose own trained and skilful hands have produced fine examples of bookbinding) has made us, no doubt, more conversant with the technical methods and the mysteries of the craft, but from an historical point of view the subject was exhausted long ago. We have been told with tiresome repetition of the books "so fairly bound" which graced the famous libraries of those munificent patrons of the arts, Maoli, Grolier, Canevari, De Thou and those "light and airy ladies" of fastidious taste in books and bindings, Margaret of Valois and Diana of Poictiers; of the books elaborately tooled and richly painted for the kings, queens, princes, prelates and statesmen of Italy, France and England, which long since were allotted their rightful place among the priceless art treasures of the world; of the Eves, Gascons, Padeloups, Monniers, Derômes, Capés, Trautz-Bauzonnets, Chambolle-Durus and Cuzins: the Mearnes, Roger Paynes, Lewises and Bedfords: the

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French tinselled and silk-embroidered bindings, and those deftly fashioned and patiently wrought by the pious hands of the nuns of Little Gidding, but few and faint are the whisperings that fall upon our listening ears, concerning bibliopegy on this side of the broad and boisterous Atlantic.

In the report of a French delegation of artisans to the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition* sixteen pages are allotted to a description of the American bindings there displayed, which were, however, largely composed of the commercial bindings of the time, and the heavily stamped and floridly gilded outward covers of the pictorial histories, and huge illustrated family Bibles which were the pride of our forbears, and lent an air of distinction to the parlor centre table in all well-to-do and well-regulated households. Mr. Brander Matthews, in his *Bookbindings Old and New,* descants at some length upon modern bookbinding in the United States, and we find here and there in other publications* curt paragraphs of a disparaging tenor, similar to the following, which we quote from Octave Uzanne's *La Réliure Moderne;* but in respect to the practice of an art in this country, prior to the days of William Matthews, the silence is, we repeat, well-nigh profound.

"L'Amérique [writes M. Uzanne] se réjouit de posséder Matthews, que les New Yorkais considérent comme un demi-Dieu et qu'ils inondent de centaines de dollars, lorsque celui-ci daigne, des ses propres mains, revêtir une belle édition *de brown or red maroco.* Matthews a créé un genre d'ornamentation; c'est un original, et ses réliures peuvent hardiment se comparer à celles de MM. Marius-Michel, sauf peutêtre ce (je ne sais quoi) qui tient la grâce française et qui ne saurait passer les mers sans y perdre son caractère."

Have a care, Monsieur Uzanne. Evidently some one has been imposing upon your credulity, for I can and do here testify of my own knowledge that Mr. Matthews's charges for his finest bindings were moderate in the extreme. They were done, be it understood, for friendship's sake and not for gain, and Mr. Matthews would not, I am quite certain, have undertaken the elaborate binding of a book for any and every one, no matter how many *"centaines de dollars"* might be cast at his feet.

The frank in matters of art is sufficient unto himself. As for bookbinders, he believes in his heart of hearts that there never were nor will be any outside of his own beautiful and adored city of Paris, worthy of the name. That the Parisian bookbinders stand, and always have stood, in the front rank of their profession, no bibliophile the world over will deny. But is not variety the spice of life? The gastronome, if restricted to a single article of diet for a length of time, finds that it palls upon his palate, even though the dish be concocted with all the culinary skill of a Carême or a Vatel. We of the Anglo-Saxon race—more catholic, if less refined, in our tastes, than the perhaps hyper-æsthetic descendants of the ancient Gauls, enjoy the lesser art achievements of other nations, in which the French dilettante manifests little or no concern, simply because they are not the products of the skill and genius of his own countrymen.

Apologetical of this indifference and neglect on the part of our own, as well as European writers, upon bibliopegy, the undeniable fact may be adduced that our bookbinders had not, until the last thirty or forty years (except for a brief period immediately after the close of the Revolutionary War, which ended as unaccountably and precipitately as it began), shown themselves able to produce work that could be pronounced artistic. A survey of the art as it flourished in Europe during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries leads us through the winding paths of a well-ordered garden, bright with the variegated colours, and redolent with the fragrance of lovingly and patiently nurtured flowers; whereas, a study of bibliopegy, as it was haltingly and laboriously developed in this country during the corresponding period, conducts us for most of the tiresome way over a field of brown and withered winter stubble. For many years the bindery

**Exposition Universelle de Philadelphie, 1876. Délégation Ouvrière de Libres Rélieurs.* Paris, 1879.

**L'Art dans la Décoration Extérieure des Livres en France et à l'Etranger,* Paris, 1898, devotes a page and a half in a book of 275 pages to American bindings, and mentions the names of Matthews, Bradstreet, The Club Bindery, Smith and *Stickerman* (Stikeman).

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in the United States remained a subsidiary but necessary adjunct to the printing house, and nothing more. It required a generation of book-lovers and collectors, and the imperative demand thereby created, to establish artistic bibliopegy in our midst as a separate and distinct occupation. But books have been bound by our native workmen after one fashion or another, and better, on the whole, than might have been expected, for the past two centuries and a half, and the story of the craft from its humble beginnings in New England in the seventeenth century to modern times should not be devoid of interest to the American bibliophile, if to no other, and he assuredly is the one to be reckoned with in the immediate future of book-collecting, for he happens, just now, to be the possessor of the best-lined purse, and by virtue thereof, master of the situation.

In the quiet sanctuary of the soon-to-be-evicted Lenox Library, where repose in peace for yet a little season so many rare and priceless manuscripts and printed books, drawn thither by its founder from the scriptoriums and presses of both the old and new worlds, there is a copy of *The Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs,* printed in 1651 by Samuel Green, the successor of Stephen Daye, New England's first typographer. This little volume—only 2½x4¼ inches in size—of about 400 pages, is known as the Third Edition of the Bay Psalm Book. It is of greater rarity (for this, I understand, is the only copy of it known) than its predecessor and namesake, which enjoys the distinction of being the first book printed in British North America; but it is hardly necessary to add that it does not approach it in money value. It came from Mr. Charles H. Kalbfleisch's remarkable collection, whom it is said to have cost one thousand dollars, and was presented to the library by Mr. Alexander Maitland. It is well and stoutly bound in brown calf, the covers held together by leathern and brass clasps, the only attempt at ornamentation being a narrow gold line traced around the borders of each side, a small centre ornament and the initials F. B. If it is, as we presume, the original binding, it is one of the earliest examples extant of bookbinding executed in the province of Massachusetts, and consequently in this part of North America, for the old Bay State may pride itself upon having been the cradle of bibliopegy, as well as of typography, in the new and unsettled land of our forefathers.

This edition of the Psalms turned into metre is known as the *"Bay Psalm Book Improved."* The nature of the revision which the first issue of this noted book underwent, will be seen by the parallels we have drawn below of the first, second and sixth stanzas of the First Psalm, in the two editions:

THE BAY PSALMS. 1640.	THE BAY PSALM BOOK IMPROVED. 1651.
1	1
O, Blessed man, that in th' advice of wicked doeth not walk; nor stand in sinners' way, nor sit in chayre of scornfull folk.	O blessed man yt walks not in th' advice of wicked men Nor stadeth in ye siñers' way nor scorners seat sits in.
2	2
But in the law of Jehovah, is his longing delight: and in his law doth meditate by day and eke by night.	But he upo Jehovah's law doth set his whole delight; And in his law doth meditate both in the day & night.
6	6
For the righteous men the Lord acknowledgeth the way: but the way of ungodly men, shall utterly decay.	For of the righteous men the LORD acknowledgeth the way Whereas the way of wicked men shall utterly decay.

The Bay Psalm Book passed through many editions without further alterations, until it was revised in 1758 by the devout and learned theologian, Rev. Thomas Prince. The copy of this edition in the Lenox Library is probably in its original morocco binding, for the same tooling precisely appears upon a more ordinary copy of the book, bound in dark-brown calf of which the same library is the owner. Special care was doubtless taken with this particular book,

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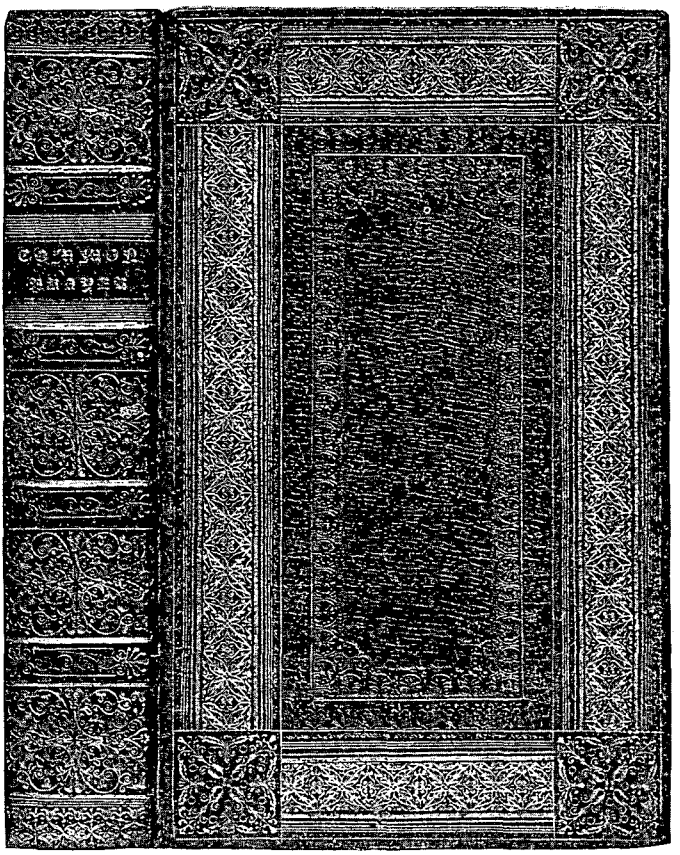
as it was a presentation copy from the reverend author to "The Honourable Thomas Huchinson, Esq., Lieut. Govr., &c., of The Province of the Massachusetts Bay in NE," but whether it was bound in England or this country is a question the writer admits his inability to answer.

A full account of the *Bay Psalm Book* and of the numerous American, English and Scotch editions through which it passed will be found in *A History of Music in New England*, by George Hood, Boston, 1846. The last edition of this noted Psalmody issued in this country was in the year 1762.

Our first typographers were, as has been already stated, of necessity their own bookbinders. The columns of our early colonial newspapers contain, almost without exception, advertisements announcing the preparedness of the printers and publishers thereof to undertake the binding of books. These paragraphs recur as constantly as do the now seemingly shameful proclamations of rewards offered for the return of runaway slaves and notices of slaves for sale which, with news from Europe three to six months old, make up the contents of these little weazen-faced, sallow-complected four-page journals. In Mr. William Bradford's *Gazette*, the following advertisement appears with the regularity of clock-work:



Book of Common Prayer
New York, 1819.
Crimson straight-grain morocco. *Original, 6 1/2 × 3 7/8 inches.*

"*Printed and sold by William Bradford in New York, where advertisements are taken in, and where you may have old*

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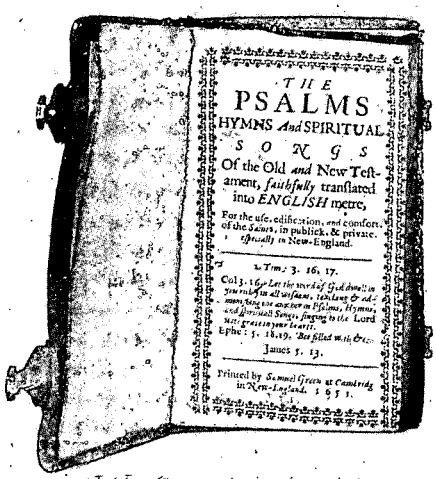

THE
PSALMS
HYMNS And SPIRITUAL
SONGS
Of the Old and New Testament, faithfully translated into ENGLISH metre,
For the use, edification, and comfort, of the Saints, in publick, & private, especially in New-England.
2. Tim: 3. 16, 17.
Col 3. 16. Let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching & admonishing one another in Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing to the Lord with grace in your hearts.
Ephe: 5. 18, 19. Be filled with &c.
James 5. 13.
Printed by Samuel Green at Cambridg in New-England. 1651.

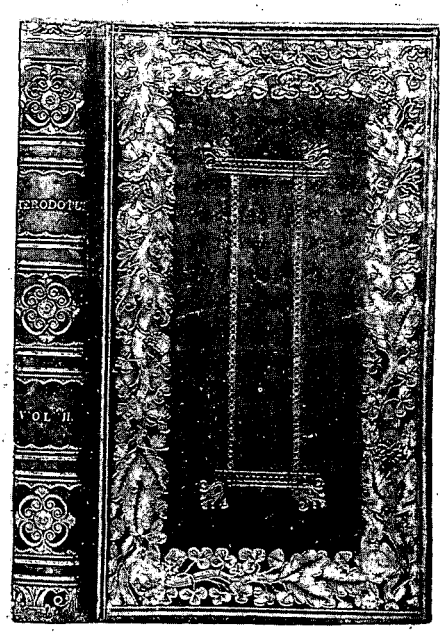
The Third Edition of the Bay Bible Book

books, new Bound, either Plain or Gilt, and Money for Linen Rags."

The copy in the Lenox Library of *The Mohawk Prayer Book,** translated by Lawrence Claesse, and printed by Bradford in 1715, is believed to be in its original binding. If this be so, it supplies, I take for granted, an example of the "*plain*" bindings which our proto-typographer announces, as above, his ability to execute. It is a binding of "dull and ugly plainness" in sprinkled sheep, the edges spattered with red, but mind ye! should you strip off that old time-stained leather jacket and replace it with one in crushed levant, *triple*-gilt by Chambolle, Lortic, or some other *Maitre moderne de Bibliopégie du premier rang,* you would simply rob it of at least one-half its value in the eyes of every book-antiquary of judgment and experience.

Similar notices to the one in William Bradford's *Gazette* appear in the *Philadelphia American Weekly Mercury,* published by Andrew Bradford, and in the *Pennsylvania Gazette, Printed by Benjamin Franklin, Post Master at the New Printing Office near the Market* (Philadelphia), *where advertisements are taken in and bookbinding is done reasonably in the best manner."*

William Parks, printer and publisher of *The Maryland Gazette* (1729), likewise puts himself forward as a binder of books in the following language: *"N.B.—Old Books are well bound by him,"* and Henry De Foreest advertises in his *New York Evening Post,* January 17, 1750, that *"all sorts of blank books for Merchants Accompts are for sale by the printer thereof, Also Old Books Neatly Bound, Lettered or Gilt very expeditiously."* These extracts, taken at random from the dusty files of American journals of the eighteenth century, will suffice to show how generally in those primitive times the printing and the binding—such as it was—of a book, were the allotted task of one individual or business firm. As an exception to prove this rule we note the advertisement in Bradford's *Gazette,* September, 1734, of one Joseph Johnson, that *"he is now set up Book-*



Bulow's Herodotus
Three Volumes, New York 1828.
Crimson straight grained morocco. Original 9½ × 5 inches.

*Mohawk Prayer-Book.

"The Morning and Evening Prayer, the Litany, Church Catechism, Family Prayers, and Several Chapters of the Old and New Testament, translated into the *Mahaque Indian* Language by Lawrence Claesse, Interpreter to William Andrews, Missionary to the Indians, from the Honourable and Reverend the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.*

"*Ask of me and I will give thee the* Heathen *for thine Inheritance, and the Utmost Parts of the Earth for thy Possession;* Psalm 2: 8."

Printed by William Bradford in New York, 1715.

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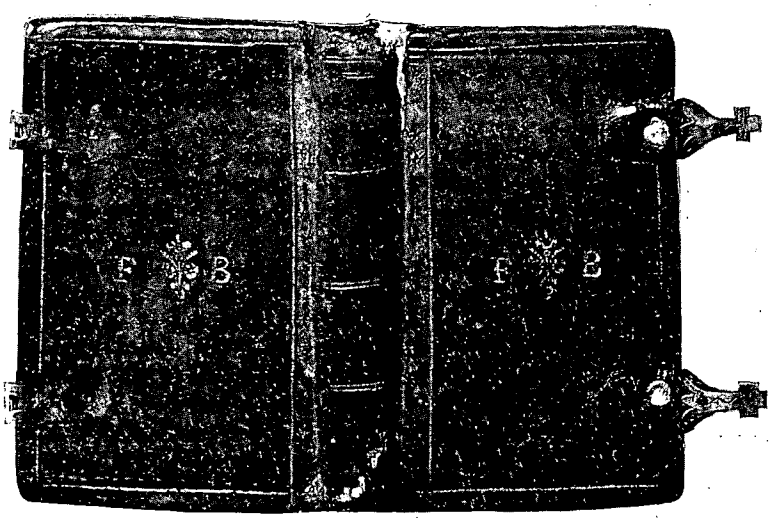
binding for himself as formerly, and lives in Dukes St. (commonly called Bayard St.) near the Old-Slip Market; (New York) where all Persons in Town or Country may have their Books carefully and neatly new Bound either Plain or Gilt reasonable."

In Samuel Willard's *Body of Divinity* (folio), Boston, 1726, one of the controversial writings of which the literature of Puritan New England so largely consisted, we have an example of American bookmaking from start to finish.* It is a large folio—one of the first books of its size printed in New England—bound in foxy brown sheepskin with panelled sides, and so far as the makers were able to accomplish that result, it is a counterpart of cotemporaneous English binding. We copied as best we could, and I fear without proper acknowledgment, both the exteriors and the interiors of the popular English books of the day. As one out of many instances of this practice that might be supplied, we reproduce on a re-

*A Compleat Body of Divinity, etc., by the Reverend and Learned Samuel Willard, M.A., Boston, in New England. Printed by B. Green and S. Kneeland for B. Eliot and D. Henchman, and sold at their shops. MDCCXXVI.



BINDING OF THE THIRD EDITION OF THE BAY PSALM BOOK.

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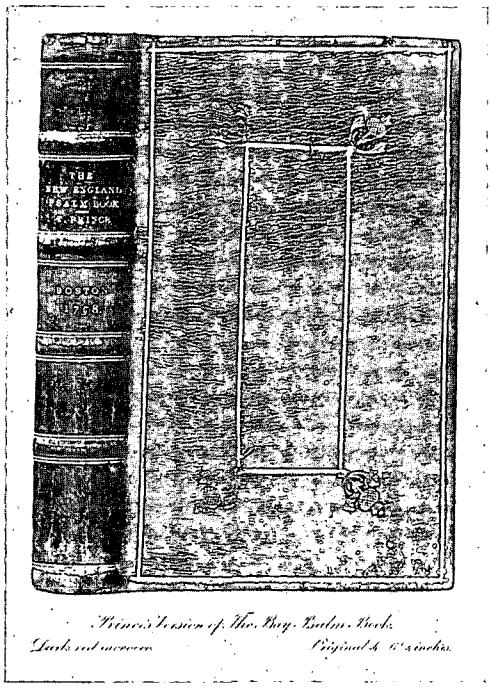

duced scale one of the plates in a London (1794) edition of a little work on the Newtonian system of philosophy, and one from a reprint of it published in Philadelphia in 1803. The latter is illustrated with exact reproductions of the engravings in the London edition, except that the plates are reversed and enlarged as shown on pages 48 and 49. These copies were engraved by William Rollinson, an artist who enjoyed the unique distinction of having chased the buttons upon the coat worn by Washington at his first inauguration as President of the United States in Federal Hall, New York. Rollinson's descendants are still engaged in the business of copper-plate engraving in this city.

Isaiah Thomas, whose position as the foremost and most prolific (it is said that at one time he had sixteen presses in use and owned eight book-stores) of New England's eighteenth century printers, is now clearly recognised, was author, antiquarian, typographer, paper manufacturer, bookbinder and bookseller all in one. Of which of the disciples of Gutenberg of the present day can all this be said? That Thomas was also a born bibliophile will, I think, appear by what I shall presently relate.

The proclivity, amounting at times to a mania, of the ordinary bookbinder to plough ruthlessly through the leaves of a book, even though the process involves the snipping away of the entire margin and occasionally of a portion of the author's text, is so well known to the fraternity of book-collectors as to have become proverbial. Listen to friend Thomas's timely word of caution upon this vital point!

"The Directions to the Binder" in the *Elegiac Sonnets and Other Poems by Charlotte Smith*, published by Thomas at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1795, contain, in addition to careful instructions for the placing of the plates, this admonition to the binder: "CUT THE BOOK AS LARGE EACH WAY AS IT WILL BEAR."

These "directions" of old Father Isaiah, with the addition of a short postscript to the effect, "AVOID WHENEVER POSSIBLE ANY USE OF THE KNIFE," might well be engrossed in capital letters and hung upon the wall of every bookbinder's shop in the land. This bibliopegistic principle should be impressed with emphasis upon the mind of every apprentice to the art of bookbinding as one of the axioms of his craft.

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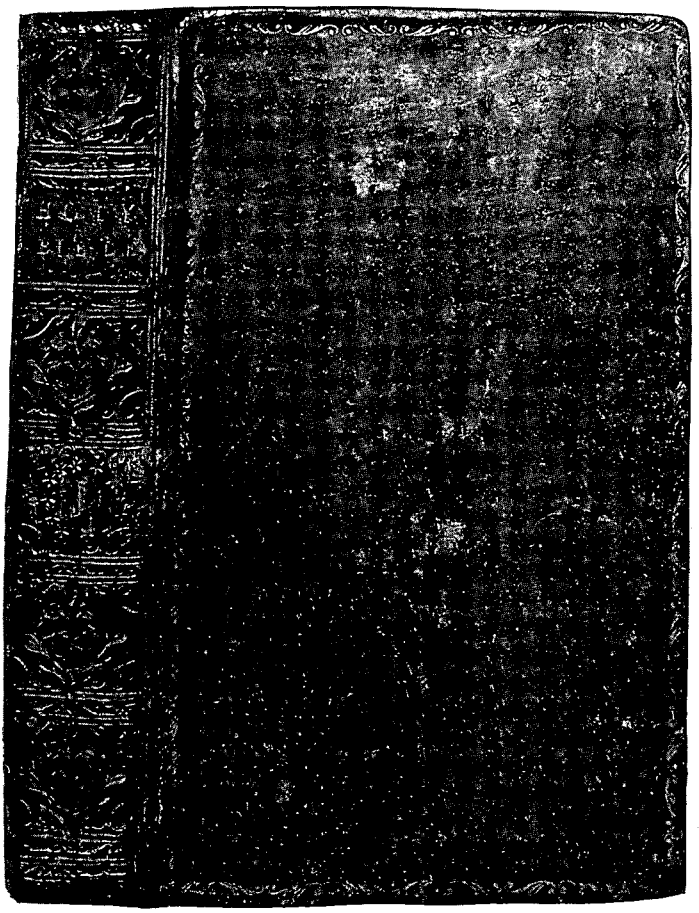
Thomas states in his "advertisement" that the paper upon which the *Elegiac Sonnets of Charlotte Smith* is printed "is a new business in America, and but lately introduced into Great Britain; it is the first manufactured by the editor." He further informs us that the plates were executed, not by European engravers who settled in the United States, but by an artist who obtained his knowledge in this country. The book, therefore, is throughout of purely domestic manufacture.



The Holy Bible.
Robert Aitkin, Philadelphia 1782.
Smooth red morocco. *Original 3⅞ x 6½ inches.*

This eminent Boston and Worcester printer, the founder, president and benefactor of the American Antiquarian Society (for which he erected a building at Worcester, Massachusetts), bound books in a variety of styles pursuant to the notice he inserted at the foot of the green paper covers, in which the monthly parts of the *Royal American Magazine*, edited and published by him and Joseph Greenleaf, were issued, to wit: "Bookbinding performed in all its branches with great care and cheap."

Thomas's chap-books, such as *The Devil and Dr. Faustus*, were covered with a coarse and substantial brown canvas—a coat of buckram—than which, says Andrew Lang, there is nothing cheaper, neater or more durable. The numerous children's books, *Little Goody Two Shoes*, *The Juvenile Biographer*, and the like, which, issued from the *Columbian*, as Thomas named his press, were clad in

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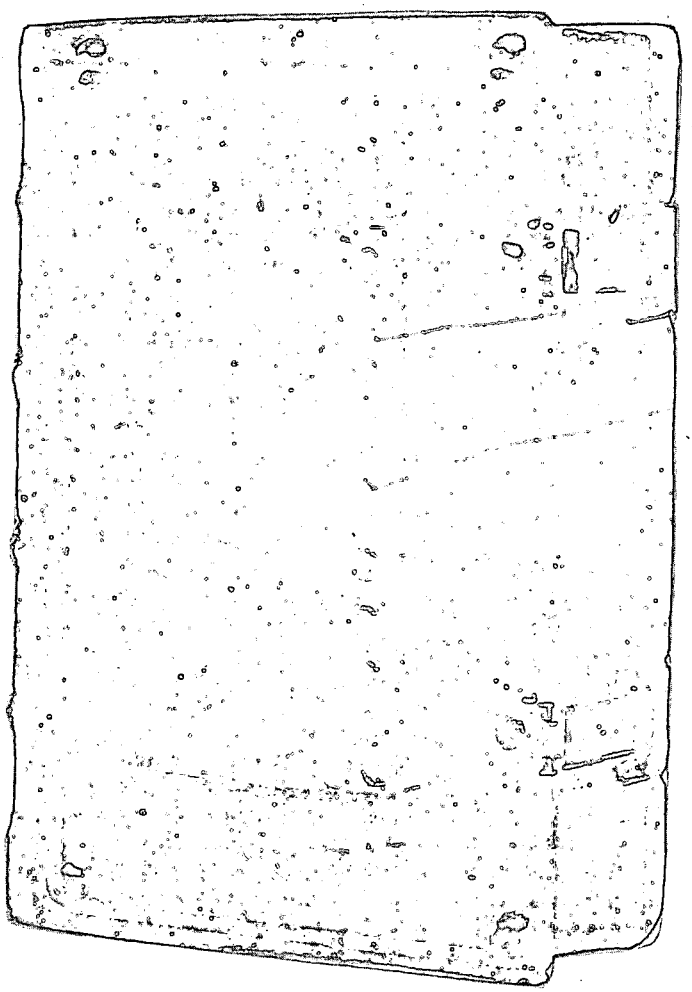
gay coats of gilt and brilliantly tinted papers, with intent to delight the eyes and conjure the pennies from the pockets of our grandparents when they were yet in their knickerbockers and short frocks.

worse for wear. I have not been able to identify Thomas's more elaborate bindings, if any such have survived to our time.

The German is nothing if not conserv-



Gesang Buch

Germantown, Pa. 1762.

Original 5 3/8 x 7 1/2 inches.

The plain leather bindings of Isaiah Thomas are, I judge, represented by the one shown in our plate, which covers a copy of *The Psalms of David, Together with Hymns and Spiritual Songs, with Indexes, and Tables complete by Isaac Watts, D.D.*, Isaiah Thomas, Worcester, 1786. It is of sheepskin over oak boards, the former now decidedly the

ative, and his racial characteristics are slowly modified by new environments. Consequently, we are prepared for the Teutonic plainness and solidity of the brass-knobbed calf binding, with its brass-tipped leather clasps, which covers, as with a coat of mail, the *Gesang Buch*, printed at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1762, by Christopher Sauer, 2d, for the

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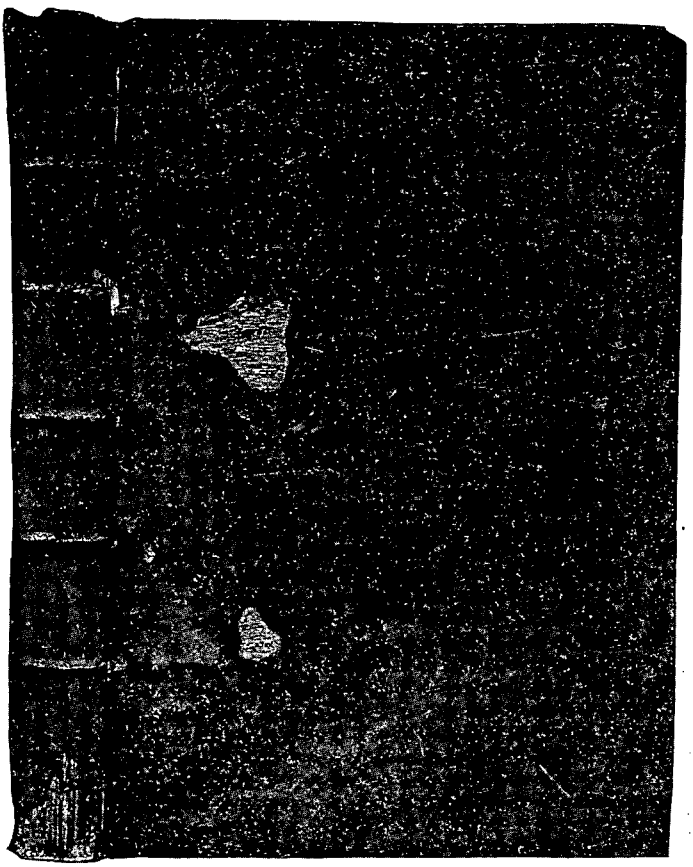
spiritual comfort of his Dunker Brethren, in their vernacular tongue, and the black-letter type of their Fatherland. The sides have a panel in dumb* or blind tooling, which is a modest attempt at decoration, but the book now stands in need of none, for the rich mahogany colour and glossy surface which the leather has acquired through careful reverent use, and the alchemy of time, make full amends for all other deficiencies. This sombre-looking volume, from the hands of the pre-Revolutionary typographer, is indeed a very pleasant thing to sight and touch, and its strong and honest construction inspires one with a feeling of respect for both the book and its maker.

It has been said that the history of music in New England for the first two centuries is the history of Psalmody alone. It might be asserted with equal truth that the history of bookbinding in this country in colonial days brings us in contact with little besides books of a religious character. Bibles, psalm and prayer-books, and theological works almost monopolised the time and services of the printer. As we turn from this book of sacred songs, printed by Christopher Sauer, the next volume that falls under our notice is the Book of Books, namely, the English version of the *Sacred Writings,* printed by Robert Aitkin in 1782.



The Psalms of David

By Isaac Watts, D.D. Worcester, Mass. 1786.

Sheepskin. Original 4¾ x 7⅞ inches.

*"This is an ornamental operation applied after the book has been polished. It is executed in the same way and with the same tools as for gilding, but without any gold applied on the places thus ornamented."—*Arnett's "Bibliopegia."*

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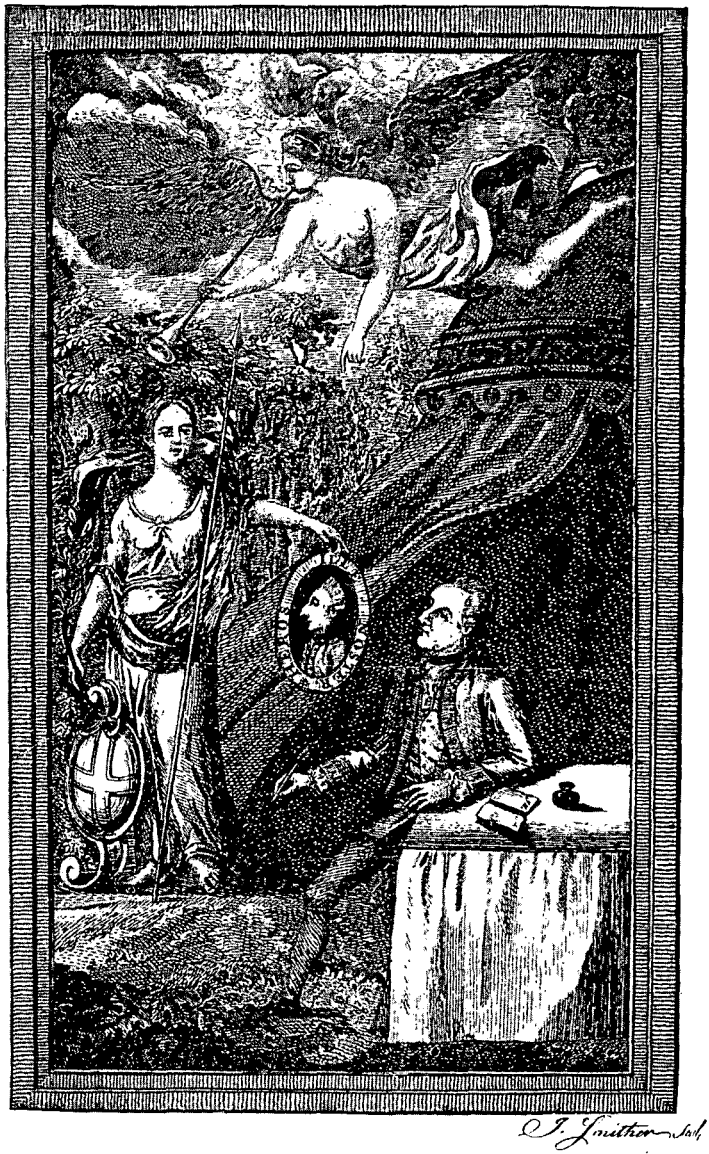
Robert Aitkin, best known perhaps, as the publisher of the *Pennsylvania Magazine,* which began and ended its journal-



Frontispiece to Major Robert Donkin's Military Collections and Remarks
New York, 1777

istic career during that critical period in our national life, the years 1775 and 1776, was born, we are told by Isaiah Thomas, at Dalkeith, Scotland, and served a regular apprenticeship with a book-binder in Edinburgh. He came to Philadelphia in 1769 as a bookseller; returned to Scotland the same year, but came back to this country in 1771 and followed the business of bookselling and bookbinding both before and after the Revolutionary War. In 1774 he became a printer, and in 1781-82 printed, at a very considerable

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pecuniary loss, upon a poor quality of paper manufactured in the State of Pennsylvania, an edition in small octavo of *The Holy Bible,* which is claimed and generally conceded to be the first version of the Scriptures in English published in this country; but in Isaiah Thomas's account, in his *History of Printing,* of the Boston printers, Kneeland and Green, we find the following statement (Vol. I, p. 305):

"The booksellers of this time were enterprising. Kneeland and Green printed, principally for Daniel Henchman, an edition of the Bible in small 4to. This was the first Bible printed in the English language in America. It was carried through the press as privately as possible, and had the London imprint of the copy from which it was reprinted, viz.: 'London. Printed by Mark Baskett, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majesty,' in order to prevent a prosecution from those in England and Scotland, who published the Bible by a patent from the Crown; or *cum privilegio,* as did the English universities of Oxford and Cambridge. When I was an apprentice I often heard those who had assisted at the case and press in printing this Bible make mention of the fact. The late Governor Hancock was related to Henchman, and knew the particulars of the transaction. He possessed a copy of this impression. As it has a London imprint, at this day it can be distinguished from an English edition of the same date only by those who are acquainted with the niceties of typography. This Bible issued from the press about the time that the partnership of Kneeland and Green expired. The edition was not large. I have been informed that it did not exceed seven or eight hundred copies."

This story is doubted by Bancroft and other historians, but Thomas was an author of more than ordinary accuracy and reliability, and some there are who, having investigated the matter, are inclined to the belief that an edition of the Bible was surreptitiously printed by Kneeland and Green as Thomas relates.

Two copies of the first volume of the Aitkin Bible are preserved in the Lenox Library. One is bound in smooth red, the other in olive morocco; the back of the latter being tooled in a style faintly suggestive of the lace-like pattern characteristic of the bindings of the great French bibliopegist, Padeloup Le Jeune. The back of the copy in red morocco is decorated with a design similar in character to that upon the sides of the copy of *Watts's Hymns and Spiritual Songs,* to which we shall shortly refer. These bindings are unsigned, but it may be presumed that they represent Aitkin's skill in the dual capacity of printer and bookbinder.

Another of the books in the Lenox Library, the binding upon which might at a venture be taken to illustrate a minor phase of our subject, is a copy of Major Donkin's *Military Collections,* printed by Hugh Gaine, New York, 1777. It is an octavo bound in red skiver (split sheepskin), without the slightest attempt at ornamentation; but aside from the binding the book is interesting for its allegorical frontispiece, said to represent Hugh, Earl Percy, being rewarded by Britannia, with Major Donkin seated at a table (Donkin was a major in the British army serving in America in 1777), engraved by J. Smither, an artist whom Dunlap asserts occupied a unique position in the arts of his time. He was, writes the author of the *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States,* originally a gun engraver, and employed in the Tower of London. He came to Philadelphia in 1773 and undertook all kinds of engraving. He probably stood high in public opinion; *he was the best, for he stood alone.* We do not clearly comprehend this singular assertion, for certainly there were others, such as Doolittle, Hill, Turner and Trenchard, among Smither's contemporaries whose engravings appear to us to equal, if not to excel, his work.

(To be concluded.)

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A VICARIOUS PERSON

Possibly some people are born vicarious. Certainly, some other people have vicariousness thrust upon them. In proof take these experiences of a person whose ruling principle it is to mind her own business.

The first of them came to pass in my salad days, when the prophetic shadow of a literary career earned for me a certain pitying tolerance faintly touched with envy, and—to be wholly frank—admiration. Back in my province, white blackbirds were plenty compared with folk who wrote things. Judge, then, the sensation caused by a summer visitor to one of the first families, who, it was given out, had a novel nearly ready for the press. There was a delicious vagueness as to publishers and date of issue, but doubt was impossible, to even the most captious, in face of the fact that the authoress secluded herself three mornings a week upon the plea of finishing the great work in time.

She was herself a poem in flesh and blood—tall, *svelte,* with dusk eyes and floss silk hair falling, when let down, quite to her knees. She came to see me, ostensibly to show me the length of it. Her real purpose fairly took my breath. All in a huddle, punctuated by little, breathless sobs, she told her amazing story—how she had begun by stealing compositions at school, and, spurred by the praise they evoked, had gone on to stealing love stories from old, old magazines and sending them to a publication that paid for contributions only in praise. Once her name was in print, her fond parents, her fonder lover, had declared she must write a novel. She had agreed; further, she had begun by stealing a first chapter from an old-time serial, thinking it would be easy, once the stage was set, to go on with the story in her own way. But in the middle of chapter second she had stuck hard and fast—that was two years back—she was bound to stay stuck unless I would help her. Couldn't I, wouldn't I, ask the privilege of "reading her novel in manuscript"—and finish it before I brought it back? She did not, of course, like to mention money, but she had thousands in her own right—I might make my own terms. Unless I did help her the end would be a tragedy—she would die rather than be found out. All she wanted was to justify outwardly the fond faith of her dear ones. Once she could show them a bit of really creditable work she would marry, and forswear all thought of literature.

A truly moving tale, but somehow it rang false. All I would agree to was an overlooking of the manuscript, with a view to suggesting a way around the hard corner. She shook her head despairingly, but in due time there came the inchoate novel. My examination was brief. Between untidy sheets torn from a greasy ledger, scrawled over with aimless sentences, shockingly misspelled in every other word, there was a letter which I read, taking it to be a fragment of the story. It ran thuswise:

"*Mabel:* If you are accidentally telling the truth and there is a man fool enough to marry you, take him—quick—before he has the chance to find you out. Your father swears he'll never give you another summer wardrobe, now your sisters are both grown up, so you'll be wise not to let any sort of a chance slip.

"Your Affectionate Mother."

The untidy manuscript went home with the letter uppermost, and indorsed in my boldest hand: "Examined by mistake." Otherwise there was neither note nor comment. Next week the "authoress" also went home, first telling her confidantes that my enviously cruel criticism had so nearly broken her heart she was almost persuaded to give up a literary career.

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The woman in the second case was younger, and, if possible, prettier than the first. I knew her in a way—that is to say, her family and pedigree were an open book to me, though we had never come in personal touch. I was by this time in New York with a book or so in print. Nebulous word came to me from home that the young woman was becoming a literary person upon the strength of her name, which happened to be the same as that of a comet among the erotic stars of a season. Notwithstanding it took me somewhat aback to have her write me: "I have written a book—and sold it to Dash & Quad—that is, if I can make it a heap better. I know I can't do that—but you can. Do it and I'll give you half the money. And I'll come to New York, and we'll write a heap of books together. I'm sure I could think up ever so many if I had you to tell me how."

Frankness so naïve compelled kindness. As gently as possible I told the young woman that no book could be truly "made better" save by the real writer of it. She took my rebuff so charmingly I wondered not a little. When at last her book was published, my wonder evaporated. I found that in the effort at betterment she had put into it whole pages, sometimes whole chapters, *verbatim et literatim,* from a book of my own. She was by this time in New York. At our next meeting I told her how genuinely I regretted what she had done, pointing out that, while I should make no trouble for her, she had put a weapon in the hands of possible enemies by which they might wholly discredit any future work of hers. The look which answered me was a revelation, it was so full of pained surprise. "Why!" she said. "You knew all about that. I asked you to help me and you wouldn't do it. I offered you half the money! You can't say I cheated! Besides, what harm have I done? The people who read your book will never look into mine." Then she went away full of a sad, resigned dignity. It took me some little time to get over feeling that I was really the person culpable.

Case three has to do with a poet who dawned upon me in full flush of having won the prize in a State-wide contest. Local celebrity no longer contented him, neither did poesy. He came casually to the city, pining for the flesh-pots of prose, yet full of a certain condescension toward the magazines. First he came to me for advice. Would I hold it undignified in one of his position to send to editors, unsolicited, the excellent stories he had to tell? What was the practice of famous persons? He wished to go where he belonged, but felt he could not afford a false step.

Now, I am above advising even my worst enemies, but I did tell him that, to my best understanding, few got into the magazines without trying long, and strong, and hard. Further, that I knew he had stories to tell; if he could write them as he talked them, there was no reason why he should not succeed. Thereat he beamed and tapped his breast-pocket significantly, saying: "I was so sure of what you would advise I have something ready. I shall drop in and leave it with Gridley, the man who lunched with us yesterday. I think you said he was editor of the *Pictorial Dream.*"

I smiled. I owed Gridley one, and felt that shortly Fate was to balance the account. Instead, the fickle jade took a fresh "fall out of me." Gridley promptly sent back the story, with a suggestion that the author take my judgment of it before sending it elsewhere. So, of course, it came to me, along with a hurt letter: "What is wrong with this? Anything, or nothing? Or is it merely that I was misled into choosing the wrong editor?"

Three months, at least, that tale was my Nemesis. There was a rattling real story in it—but oh, the telling! Never was moving incident so frightfully butchered. I sent it back with suggestions. As promptly as possible it was returned with a line: "Please *show* me what you mean." Thereupon I wrote it more than half way. The author copied it, tried it on another editor, got another rejection, and came back at me, asking if I had sportively misled him. The situation was by this so strained, withal humourous, I took the bold course—wrote the story spang through, from title to tailpiece, with no more regard for the supposed author than if he had been a ghost. It was easy work—only putting flesh and blood on the bones of a piteous skeleton. Six months afterward the poet, again casually in the city, said to me with

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carefully veiled triumph: "You'll be interested in the next number of the *Beauty Book*. They are printing that thing of mine, *Claiborne's Ghost*—I believe I sent you a rough draft of it; finished, it is, of course, very different."

I did not find it so. Barring a possible hundred words, the story was printed as it left my hand. That, however, I had looked for. What surprised me was to have the poet say expansively, that now he had found out how easy it was, he should write a lot of stories. I agree that it was easy. But, unaccountably, *Claiborne's Ghost* has so far had no successor.

Over case four I puzzle a bit, wondering whether or no I am partner in the crime. Chance flung in my way opportunity for a socio-psychological experiment, which I could not or did not resist. The opportunity was a woman with fine frocks, little money and boldly handsome. She was, moreover, coarse-fibred, unhappy, and ambitious as Lucifer, without the least knowledge of what a scruple meant. Yet her verbal morals were, like her manners and costumes, carefully tailor-made. According to her own account, a past of lurid virtue had thrown her upon her own resources. And she had a yearning to write that was absolutely pathetic, in view of her limitations. It would be flattery to call what she wrote bathos—nothing short of genius turned to idiocy could have done so badly. She had been through a sort of college and knew many books by heart, yet had not a trace of culture. How to reconcile her attainments with her ignorance was wholly beyond me.

Goodness knows what induced editors to print the letters she sent back to a syndicate of small Western papers. Some of the editors did it under pressure of contract, kicking hard. When she fell ill, I wrote the letters for her, thereby putting the kickers to rout. The writing was no burden, rather a pastime, yet she watched me scribble with something of envious awe. "You do a letter in just an hour!" she said one day; then, with a keen look: "I wonder how long it would take you to write a book?"

"Once I wrote a book in two weeks—with three murders, a fire and an elopement in it," I said, smiling at thought of a penny-dreadful whose price had helped me through a specially lean summer. She gasped:

"And you could do it again? Writing about just a woman—like me—big you know—and pretty—and he lov-e-ed her—but he meant bad by her and she ran away and made herself somebody—and then he wished he hadn't?"

I wanted to laugh. Her eyes, desperately earnest, forbade. To relieve the tension, I said: "Yes, I could do it; but I should charge a lot," naming a figure I fancied as much beyond her as the national debt. But she took me up eagerly, crying: "I'll pay your price! No, I haven't got the money, but I know who has got it, and will give it to me for the asking."

I tried to back out—vainly. She held me to my word. And then my familiar demon whispered: "Why not? Think of the fun."

The fun came largely after the book was finished. The supposed authoress had to be taken through it chapter by chapter, and drilled as to words and usages to her wholly strange. She had, further, to be enlightened as to the meaning of various allusions, classic, literary, legendary and current. The process gave me a new insight into human stupidity. I am still at a loss to comprehend how a seeing and hearing creature in this era ever kept itself so densely uninformed.

For the rest, the book was published, sold fairly well, was flamboyantly reviewed and advertised, and used to point immorals in various enlightened publications, over names more or less known. By help of it the woman whose name figures on the title-page got a certain social *entrée* and married fairly well. Notwithstanding, I am no longer open to vicarious engagements.

Patience Croswell.

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SHAKESPEARE AND THE METROPOLITAN STAGE

A distinguished man who had climbed to the top of the literary ladder once let fall some very weighty words to the eager aspirants who stood at the foot determined to mount and sit beside him, but not quite knowing how to begin, and, more important still, how to continue. All his words were valuable, but none were more priceless than these: "If an editor has not been publishing any material similar to that which you are sending him, know well that for not doing so he has had one of these two reasons: either he could not get it, or he did not want it."

This syllogism has a positively Aristotelean quality. It leaves no loophole of escape; no room for improvement; it is too small to be made smaller, too large to be made larger. It was true yesterday, it is true to-day, it will be true to-morrow. None of these magazines with which our tables and chairs are strewn have any material in them similar to any of yours or mine, my friend. Why? Because the editors could not get it or because they did not want it. We know well, as we were admonished, that one of these two reasons is *the* reason. Unless we are limited in our postal expenditures, we even know which one.

The especial beauty of the distinguished man's formula is that it will answer any question of possession in the world. We have not that which we have not for one of these two reasons: Either we do not want it or we cannot get it. It may be very small or it may be very large; for one of two reasons we know that we have it not. The great question is, of course, which one? A correct answer is not always easy to find; nor, being found, always a pleasant discovery.

One of the most perplexing problems of our present American life is the problem of our metropolitan stage; a stage given over to much that is good, to more that is bad, and to still more that is indifferent; a stage on which there was last year but one Shakespearean play, and one performance of one scene from another Shakespearean play. Miss Henrietta Crosman produced *As You Like It*, and Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Miss Eleanor Robson gave a single performance of the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*. These, in an entire dramatic year, were our Shakespearean productions. Why did we not have others? The great man's syllogism inexorably replies: "You know well; it was for one of these two reasons: either you did not want them, or you could not get them." Do any of us know which is *the* reason?

If we do not it is not because we have not been told. Players, dramatists and managers frequently tell us—much more frequently than they ask us. "We have grown too modern for Shakespeare," Mr. John Drew said to an interviewer last December. But have we? Miss Henrietta Crosman, beginning in February, presented *As You Like It* in New York sixty times in succession. Shortly after the twenty-eighth performance, a New York paper said: "The most gratifying feature of the theatrical situation to-day is the success of Miss Crosman in *As You Like It*." Not every one, even in New York, had become too modern for Shakespeare. One morning in March, during Mr. E. H. Sothern's engagement in Boston, at least every third person in a long, long line at the box-office asked eagerly: "Is Mr. Sothern going to play *Hamlet?*" When the ticket agent replied "No," their disappointment was evident. Perhaps they were not modern; certainly they were not too modern to prefer *Hamlet* to François Villon. It is not a difficult matter to decide as to whether they had not Shakespeare because they did not want it, or because they could not get it.

When Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were in Chicago last December, some one wrote to me: "I have seen Henry Irving and Miss Terry three times." "In what did you see them?" I asked; and very soon this laconic but eloquent reply came: "*The Merchant of Venice*, and *The Merchant of Venice* and *The Merchant of Venice*." Chicago is somewhat modern, too. But, after all, *is* it because we have become too modern that we cannot have Shakespeare?

We are often told, it is true, that we do not want Shakespeare. "Audiences want to be amused, entertained," Miss Annie Russell says. Mr. Clyde Fitch is even stronger: "The American public must be amused," he declares. Is not the American public becoming somewhat grimly amused? "You do not want *Othello*, my

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children," it is gently but firmly told: "you want *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.*" Are not audiences beginning to be rather more bored than entertained? "*Romeo and Juliet?* You do not want *that,* my dears; you want *The Girl and the Judge!*" they are softly but distinctly reminded.

A discussion I heard between a little boy and his mother one morning at breakfast was strongly suggestive of the present relations between the metropolitan stage and at least some portion of the metropolitan public. "I would like an orange," said the small boy. "Oh, no, dear," his mother replied. "You would like some oatmeal." The child reflected: "You mean, that's what you are going to give me," he said.

How can we possibly show that we do want Shakespeare? What more can we do than take it when it is offered us? Surely we do take it. During the past three years Mr. Sothern has produced *Hamlet;* Mr. Richard Mansfield, *King Henry V.;* Mr. N. C. Goodwin and Miss Maxine Elliot, *The Merchant of Venice;* Miss Julia Arthur, and Miss Maude Adams, Mr. William Faversham and Mr. James K. Hackett, *Romeo and Juliet;* and Miss Crosman, *As You Like It.* All of these productions were what is technically known as successful; that is to say, the public, for one reason or for another, welcomed them with interest and attended them with satisfaction. Still, Miss Annie Russell says: "There are many fine actors and actresses, many splendid plays, stifled under the depression of public demands." The question is: What public demands? Was it a public demand of much dignity that led Miss Julia Marlowe to produce *When Knighthood Was in Flower* continuously for two entire seasons? Miss Marlowe has been accorded much indignant sympathy because the American public, or her manager, or both, compelled her to play Mary Tudor, instead of Juliet or Rosalind. One fervid young writer, in a righteous fury at the iron-handed tyranny to which Miss Marlowe has been a victim in this particular—Miss Marlowe, whom he warmly affirms was "cut out by nature for a Shakespearean actress; who began as such, and would gladly continue as such would her modern manager's policy permit her to"—devotes a large part of an article on another subject to a protest against Miss Marlowe's wrongs. To quote all his words were impossible; they are too many. But the writer uses them to definite and lucid purposes. He knows, he frankly says, that Miss Marlowe, instead of "a wretched dramatisation of *When Knighthood Was in Flower,*" was "anxious" to produce *As You Like It,* but her manager was obdurate. "Here," says Miss Marlowe's defender, wrathfully, "here, I say, is an instance of a fine actress actually being lowered in her profession by a manager, who simply takes a trader's view of what is a great art!"

We do not have Shakespeare; but occasionally we are told that we shall. Miss Mary Mannering promised Katherine the Shrew—and then she gave Pauline. "Mr. Sothern is going to play *Hamlet next* year," the agent soothingly observed as he sold the tickets for *If I Were King;* "and *Romeo and Juliet,*" he added expansively, "and *Much Ado About Nothing.*" Truly, it is a situation at once humourous and pathetic. "The craving of my soul is to play Shakespeare," the actor wails, "but—" "The desire of my life is to see Shakespeare," the audience moans, "but—" "I would produce Shakespeare," the manager says irritably, "but—" Alas, yes! But—Meanwhile, the actors are acting plays that they do not want to act, and the public is seeing plays that it does not want to see, and the managers are producing plays that they do not want to produce! It is, indeed, a tragic state of things, or it would be were it not so comic. The manager blames the public, the public blames the manager, and the actor blames both.

As for the actor, what shall we say about the actor? We are so loyal, so devoted. The actor says reproachfully: "You know you do not want Shakespeare. You want Clyde Fitch." We find it difficult to be ungracious, and to say, "You mean, that is what you are going to give us." Would it not be better were we honest as well as loyal, particularly when our actors long to play Shakespeare and cannot, because they think we do not want it? Shall we not cease to incur their reproaches? We know that we do want Shakespeare, however emphatically and often we may be told that we do not. Quite as well

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do we know that there are others who prefer *Florodora;* they are in the majority. But is it quite safe to allow the majority to rule art? Is there not great danger that they may injure it, or even kill it? Artists, of all persons, should naturally, and, as a high duty, protect and cherish it; most especially from the very public demands which Miss Russell bewails.

"As for the popularity of Shakespeare, it is perpetual," Mr. Sothern said recently. It is perpetual, just as the popularity of the sculptures of Phidias and the paintings of Raphael and the symphonies of Beethoven are perpetual—with certain minds. Are there so few of these minds in our cities that in a whole season only one of our players of first rank can produce a Shakespearean play? To be sure, at least ten Shakespearean productions are promised for next year; but at least eight were promised for last year. If only we might hope to see them!

Elizabeth McCracken.

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*FUEL OF FIRE**

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FINDING OF THE KEYS.

Sometimes the finding of a thing
More sorrow than the loss doth bring.

Nancy's first impulse on meeting her lover in the lane was to rush into his arms and tell him straight out how her heart was overflowing with love and pity for him, and ask him why he had not come to her for comfort. But the sight of his face as he drew near nipped this inclination in the bud.

There was something about Laurence Baxendale—something intangible and indescribable, yet nevertheless to be felt by all who were brought into contact with him—which impressed other people in spite of themselves, and forbade them to take a shadow of a liberty with him, or even to treat him with the "hail fellow well met" of common familiarity. It may have been the innate distinction born of a long line of noble ancestry; it may have been the still higher dignity conferred by an honourable and single-minded character; but, whatever it was, nobody who came within the sphere of Laurence's influence could be unconscious of its presence, or could fail to perceive that, in some subtle and indefinable way, this man was made of finer material than his fellows. It did not make men love him any the better for it—rather, perhaps, it made the ordinary run of them love him somewhat the less: but it made them one and all respect, even if they feared, him; and it caused all sordid thoughts and mean aspirations to shrivel up in his presence, as flowers in a frost.

Nancy had always been conscious of this characteristic in her lover, and now and then it had frightened her; frightened her with the thought that some day she should do something not in accordance with the strict and honourable code of Laurence Baxendale, and that then there would be found for her, in his merciless judgment, no place of repentance, even though she sought it prayerfully and with tears. She felt that Laurence's own truthfulness and consistency would only serve to make him all the harder in his condemnation of those who were neither true nor consistent; and that he would say, with the Apostle, that those who offended in one matter offended in all.

She had often said to herself that if ever she did what he considered wrong, she should never have the courage to confess the fault to him and beg for his forgiveness. No; she should have to deceive him as to her deficiencies as long as she could; and when deceit was no longer possible, she should have to go out of his life altogether; for the well-bred disdain, which he meted out to all whom he considered unworthy of his respect, was more, Nancy felt, than she could bear.

She was by nature a woman of quick perceptions; and there is no such sharpener of natural perceptions as love; therefore her first sight of Laurence's face told her that he was in one of the moods when he was most terrible to, and unattainable by, his inferior fellow-creatures. She had meant to tell him about the loss of the keys; but the way in which he greeted her showed her that this was not the occasion for enlightening her lover as to any of her shortcomings; so she

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decided on this matter to hold her peace until a more opportune moment presented itself.

But although Nancy was a woman of quick, she was not a woman of deep, penetration. She saw that on the surface Laurence was severe in his strictures and stern in his judgments; and there she stopped. She did not go below the outer crust of the man and fathom the depths of tenderness hidden beneath the apparent coldness and *hauteur* of his demeanour. At present she had nothing to draw with, and the well was deep. In time it might be that her own love for him would teach her fully to comprehend his love for her; but Love is a slow—though a competent—schoolmaster, and his plan of education is by no means a rapid one: the cramming system is not his. And wherefore need he hurry, seeing that he is indeed immortal, and that his pupils will be through all eternity his pupils still?

But in the learning process men and women make sad and many mistakes: and Nancy was making one now in allowing Baxendale's chilly greeting of her—a chilliness arising solely from shyness which found it difficult for him to express deep feeling, and the sensitiveness which feared that any such expression should be misunderstood—to blind her eyes to the real anguish of the man's soul, and to deafen her ears to his silent cry for her help and sympathy in his hour of need.

So it came to pass that poor, foolish Nancy met Laurence with a half-jesting manner, which put him further from her than the coldest stiffness would have done, and added greatly to the weight of that burden which he already felt was almost greater than he could bear.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she remarked airily, as if his appearance (which she had vainly looked for at the crossways) was a complete surprise. "Where are you going to, my pretty sir?"

"I'm going home," replied Laurence; and the misery in his eyes almost broke through Nancy's flippancy, but not quite.

"I haven't seen you for ages and ages—four hundred years at least, if not five. It is so long since you have been to Wayside that I concluded you'd forgotten where the place was situated; and I meant to send you a map with the spot marked specially on it in red ink, as if it were a station for a projected railway." If Laurence could be indifferent, so could she, Nancy remarked to herself: as if indifference and the look in Laurence's eyes were on speaking terms with each other! But there is no one so blind as the woman who has made up her mind beforehand to see something else.

"I have been very busy for one thing; and for another I didn't feel much in the humour for paying calls." It was an inadequate speech, and Laurence knew and regretted it; but for the life of him he could not think of any less lame excuse.

Nancy tossed her head: "Oh! you needn't apologise to me for not coming, if you didn't want to come. There's nothing bores me so much as apologies. If people want to come and see you, they'll come and see you; and if they don't want, what's the use of telling fibs about it? It isn't one of the seven deadly sins, you know, not to yearn to call upon the Burtons every other afternoon: it's merely a matter of taste."

Laurence felt himself visibly freezing under this treatment of Nancy's: there is no barrier which so completely estranges man from man—and, still more, man from woman—as flippancy, whether real or assumed; it is a little matter which indeed separates very friends—and lovers even more effectually.

Therefore he did not reply, but looked at Nancy in dumb misery.

"I never quarrel with people for not coming to see me, any more than I quarrel with them for not writing to me," she went on in her most nonchalant style; "because a quarrel is no fun when there's some ground for it. It is when there is absolutely no excuse for it that a quarrel is pure joy. Just as there's no pleasure in saying nasty things that you really mean; the pleasure is in saying nasty things that you don't mean. I make a point of never saying sharp speeches to people who deserve them, because I find, if I do, the culprits are so pained by the accurate fit of the cap that they never rest till it is publicly removed. Don't you think that is so?"

"I don't know."

Nancy stamped her foot: "I wish you wouldn't always say 'I don't know' when I ask you things: it is a habit of yours which aggravates me almost to distraction. What do I care what you *know*, as long as there is something you can find to say? I'm not a Cambridge local examiner, or a bishop preparing you for ordination, that you need be so careful to treat me to nothing but accurate knowledge."

Again Laurence was silent. Was this heartless coquette the woman he had clasped in his arms just one week—a long eternity of one week—ago? And if so, which was the real

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Nancy? he wondered. Was this flippancy merely a cloak to hide her warmer and deeper feelings; or had she been playing with him all along? Perhaps he ought to have known her better than to suspect her of this latter insincerity; but when a man's heart is bleeding from the effects of Fortune's buffets and his neighbours' sneers, he is not always capable of judging righteous judgment.

"You are very dull this afternoon," the girl continued, in defiance of the tugs at her heart-strings which every sound of Laurence's voice produced. The woman who can hear the sound of pain in her lover's voice unmoved has yet to be born; but the women who can hear that sound without showing that they are moved, are by name Legion. "And dulness is the one thing which my soul abhors," she added: "it is bad enough to say 'I don't know'; but it is ten times worse to say nothing at all; and you've been guilty of both enormities during the last five minutes. Think of committing two unpardonable sins in less than five minutes! I am downright ashamed of you, Mr. Baxendale. Here is a nice rule-of-three sum for you to work out; if a man commits two unpardonable sins in five minutes, how many unpardonable sins will he commit in seventy years?"

Laurence raised his hat: his spirit was so sorely wounded that Nancy's cruelly careless touch upon the raw was more than he could bear just now. "I cannot help being dull, Nancy, but I can help inflicting that dulness upon other people; so I will wish you good afternoon."

And before the girl could reply, he had passed on.

Nancy was very angry; and she was all the more angry with Laurence because she knew that she herself was to blame. So she walked on, with her chin in the air, repeating to herself the uncomfortable formula that if he was too proud to ask for her sympathy she was too proud to offer it. And as she so walked, whom should she meet but Lady Alicia returning from her daily constitutional.

"Oh! my dear Miss Burton," exclaimed her ladyship as soon as she was within earshot; "how glad I am to meet you! I have not seen you since our terrible catastrophe, and it is so necessary to have some one with whom one can talk one's troubles over; some other woman, I mean; there is no comfort in talking over one's sorrows with a man."

"No, there isn't, is there? Men either say that a trouble is no trouble at all, or else that it is incurable; just as if they see no medium between being able to walk twenty miles a day without turning a hair and being tied down to one's own back by a spine-specialist."

"Exactly, dear child: what a sweet and charming way you have of putting things! It is when I am in trouble that I so sorely regret I never had a daughter; because if only I had had a daughter, I could have talked over all my troubles with her, and shown her how I have always been a martyr to other people's interests; and she would have sympathised with me, and blamed those who had brought so much sorrow and inconvenience upon me. I think it takes half the sting out of a trouble when you can lay the blame of it upon some one else, don't you?"

"Perhaps so; and it certainly adds to the sting of it when one realises that it is all one's own fault."

"Oh! I dare say it does; but as none of my troubles were my own fault, I have been spared that pang, and that has always been so nice for me. Laurence never seemed to understand how his poor dear father spoilt my life, and so he never blamed his father and sympathised with me as a dear sweet daughter would have done. Dear girl, how I should have loved her! And I am sure she would have been good-looking, because all my family are. No Moate could have borne the disgrace of having a plain daughter, because we had done nothing to deserve it; and it is so hard to bear troubles that you feel you do not deserve, isn't it, dear Miss Burton?"

"Horrid," agreed Nancy; "and even worse if you feel you do. If a nasty thing happens to you which you don't deserve, you have an idea that some day it will be made up to you—like Job, don't you know? But if you deserve it, you feel you are only paying your own bills; and that is a most wearisome occupation."

"Yes, dear child; and now I want to talk to you about this sad, shocking, dreadful fire! Were you ever so surprised in your life as when you found dear Baxendale burned down—and so quickly, too?"

"It was an awful thing to happen," said Nancy sympathetically, "but I don't think one can be altogether surprised when one recollects how inflammable all those old books and pictures and parchments must have been, and how violent the wind was that night."

"Yes, yes, of course; so very violent, as you say, and there is nothing that spreads a fire so quickly as wind. Just see what a pair of blow-bellows will do when you think the

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drawing-room fire has actually gone out, and that you will have to ring for a servant to re-light; and it always annoys servants so to have to re-light a fire in the middle of the day, though I'm sure I don't know why it should. But, as you say, dear child, the fire at Baxendale, though very sad and shocking, was what we might have expected." Lady Alicia appeared to be much pleased by this opinion of Nancy's.

"And I really cannot see why people should be in such a state of curiosity as to how it began," continued Nancy; "the merest accident—which in a newer house on a less windy day would have had no effect at all, and never would have been heard of or even known about—would be quite enough, in the circumstances, to account for the whole thing."

"Of course it would, my dear Miss Burton—or may I call you Nancy? It is so nice and friendly to call people you really like by their Christian names, don't you think?—how very wise and sensible you are! So much common sense is quite remarkable in such a young girl; perhaps the fact that your father is such a clever business man has something to do with it. As you say, the fire at Baxendale was not at all to be wondered at, considering all the circumstances of the case; it was, in fact, quite the natural consequence."

"So do I think."

"Yes, my dear, and you are quite right. And would you mind mentioning this view of yours to dear Laurence—just in casual conversation, you know, for I think so much real good is often done by casual conversation—as it may not have struck him quite in the same light? Common sense is not his forte, you see, my dear, any more than it was the forte of his dear father. But just a word from you to him upon the subject might do him a world of good." It is always more or less of a tragedy when the time comes for a mother to influence her own son through the medium of another woman's newer and stronger power, and especially when she does so openly. It is a public acknowledgment of the Queen Regent that the term of office is over, and that the Queen Regent has entered into her kingdom.

Nancy understood the situation and recognised the pathos of it. She was clear-sighted enough when not blinded by her own passions.

"I'll say it to him if you wish, Lady Alicia," she replied very gently; "and if he gives me the opportunity; but it is not always easy to speak to him about things that he doesn't want you to speak to him about, you know."

Laurence's mother sighed: "Ah! yes, dear Miss Burton—Nancy, I should say—how wise and far-seeing you are, and what quick perceptions you have! I always think it so nice for a young girl to have quick perceptions; it keeps her from making such a lot of social mistakes, even if she marries above her. But in a matter like this I think one should make a little effort, don't you know? Because it would be such a pity—such a sad, sad pity—if dear Laurence, through any morbid sensitiveness as to how the fire arose, were to have any scruples about accepting the insurance money."

The two women looked each other full in the face, and the same fear was in the eyes of both—namely, that the longed-for conflagration had been all in vain.

"It would be a great mistake, too," said Nancy slowly; "because it would suggest to outsiders that there was something queer about the fire after all: which, of course, there wasn't. It was the most natural thing in the world."

"Yes, yes—most natural, as anybody who gave five minutes' consideration to the matter could see for themselves. But Laurence is like his poor dear father, and is always longing for an occasion to sacrifice himself and all his family for the sake of some sentimental scruple."

"It is very noble and good of him," exclaimed Nancy loyally; "but I don't know that it is always wise."

"I'm not so sure about its being either noble or good. Of course, it is very beautiful and touching for men who are monks and hermits and anchorites and sweet weird things like that to sacrifice themselves for sentimental scruples, because they have only themselves to consider, and it will be so nice for them to have such a high place in heaven when they get there: but I think that men with mothers and wives and people of that kind ought not to consider only themselves and their heavenly crowns—they ought to have a little consideration for the women belonging to them: you see, poverty is much more inconvenient and sad for us than it is for men, because—if the worst comes to the worst—they can wear one dress suit for two or three years, and can take all their meals at the Club." For all her silliness, Lady Alicia knew what strings to pull when she gave her mind to the pulling of strings.

Nancy's mouth grew very firm, not to say hard: a woman is capable of being jealous of anything which a man puts before his love for her, even if it be an abstract principle. "I don't think, either, that a man is justified in pur-

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chasing a heavenly crown, and then sending the bill in to the women who have given up their lives to him," she said; "and yet that is what the masculine saints of the earth are very fond of doing. Doubtless they reap their reward: but it comes expensive on the women!"

"Indeed it does, my dear child. Not that I don't agree with Laurence that it is all very nice and sweet to be good and upright if one can, without interfering with other people too much: but, like everything else, it can be carried too far."

"It is admirable for people to be good at their own expense," agreed Nancy: "but it is sometimes a little trying when they are good at yours. And especially when, although you have shared the cost with them, they never have the slightest intention of letting you share the crown."

Lady Alicia sighed again: "And it does seem to me such a pity—quite wrong, in fact—not to get all the good one can out of one's misfortunes. I remember dear Shakespeare once said something about adversity being like a frog, because there is always some good to be got out of everything if only one will look for it; and I do agree with him. If this sad affair of the fire can be turned into a blessing by everybody being made so much more happy and comfortable because of the insurance money I do think it would be really wicked of Laurence not to avail himself of the silver lining which is hidden in the frog's head; don't you?"

"Not wicked, Lady Alicia; certainly not wicked: Mr. Baxendale couldn't do anything that was wicked, I am sure. But I think it would be very foolish and very misguided."

"So do I, dear child: and, after all, we are sent into this world to turn our sorrows to good account, aren't we?—so that it is flying in the face of Providence not to let everything work for our good, as far as we can. I mustn't keep you any longer now; but I know you will say something nice and convincing to Laurence on the subject, just in casual conversation, won't you?"

And with that her ladyship pressed Nancy Burton's hand and went on her way to Poplar Farm; whilst Nancy walked on toward the Hall, her mind aflame with the desire to punish Laurence for treating what she considered a ridiculous scruple as of more importance than her future happiness. Yet only yesterday she had been possessed by an equally intense longing to fall at his feet and tell him that she worshipped him for setting his conception of honour and duty before every other earthly consideration!

All the way across the Park she looked in vain for her bunch of keys; and, as she had failed to find them there, she peered about the ruins with a wild hope that she might come across them among the *débris*. As she was continuing her search, a voice suddenly said:

"Pardon me, Miss Burton, but are you looking for anything? In the fall of this house, which was great, is there any treasure of yours lying buried?" And, looking up, Nancy found herself face to face with Rufus Webb.

"Oh, it is you, Mr. Webb? Good afternoon; yes, I *am* looking for something, namely, a bunch of keys which I lost some days ago."

Rufus put his hand into his pocket and drew out the missing bunch: "Are these they?"

"Yes, these are mine," cried Nancy, seizing them with a little shriek of thankfulness. "Where did you find them?"

"I picked them up just outside the front door here the afternoon the day of the fire: exactly eight hours before the judgment of God fell upon Baxendale Hall."

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE LANES.

"I could not love thee, dear, so very much
Loved I not honour more:"
An admirable percept this; but such
Make hearts of women sore.

Even as Lady Alicia and Miss Burton had foretold, so it turned out. Their worst fears were realised: Baxendale took no steps whatever to obtain the insurance money to which he was legally entitled. It was no hasty decision on his part. He had many a mental struggle before he came to the conclusion that he could not take the money. The temptation was indeed great. Could he only overcome his scruples—his absurd scruples, as the world would call them—how easy would life be for him! He would be enabled to place his mother in a position suited to her birth, and thus free himself from the constant irritation of her complaints against men in general and her late husband and her living son in particular. He would be able to repair the damage wrought by the fire to the Hall, and to live once again in his ancestral home. Best of all, he would have a sufficient, if a moderate, income, and could offer a home to the woman he loved—ah! how he loved her!—he never knew how much until he had convinced himself that honour bade him give her up.

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Yet, for all this he felt that he *could* not take the money. He was a man who might possibly, in a fit of impulse, commit a great crime, but who would shrink from availing himself of any advantage, pecuniary or otherwise, which might result to himself. And that he had committed a great crime, the world in which he dwelt, as expressed by the majority of its voices, had no manner of doubt. With the verdict of society Laurence was fully acquainted. Naturally no one directly made such an accusation in his presence. The law of libel is specially constructed to meet such cases. Few men care to face an action for defamation of character: even if the unfortunate defendant wins his case—which is a rare occurrence—he is saddled with a lawyer's bill, which no so-called costs, even if wrung from the unsuccessful plaintiff, will satisfy. Wherefore Mr. Baxendale had no direct accusation to face. But he knew well enough the meaning of the shaking of heads, the suggestive glances, the innuendoes, the "we could, an if we would," which prevailed wherever men and women congregated. He had often professed the profoundest contempt for public opinion: he had looked down with scornful eyes on those men and women who play pitch-and-toss with the Ninth Commandment; yet now the iron entered into his soul, and all his philosophy was insufficient to enable him to be careless of public opinion. It was sufficient, indeed, for outward show: he held up his head bravely enough, and even careful observers were unable to discover the pain he was too proud not to conceal. He knew in his heart of hearts that his best friends were right when they counselled him that the surest way of crushing malicious gossip was to take the money, and face the world with an unruffled brow. This indeed he would have done, but for a terrible doubt which he could not stifle.

It must not be supposed that Lady Alicia permitted her son to have his way in this matter without a struggle. Many a time and oft she combatted his pride, and strove manfully to overcome his scruples. It was all in vain; Laurence listened with exemplary patience to the maternal homilies; yet steadfastly declined to discuss the matter with her. He was very sorry—he would willingly do anything he could to give her the luxuries for which she pined—but duty was duty, and he could not oblige her in this matter.

But Lady Alicia's persistence was an additional trouble to Baxendale: her arguments that it was foretold that the Hall should a third time be destroyed, and that the person who set fire to it was one deserving of all credit as the instrument of an overruling Providence hurt him more than he would admit.

As far as the world was concerned, he might just as well have taken the money. Those who had overtly or covertly insinuated that he had set fire to the library for the sake of the insurance money now said that the insurance office declined to pay the money in so suspicious a case; and that Baxendale dare not prosecute his claim by legal proceedings, for fear of having to submit to cross-examination in the witness-box.

As a matter of fact, the insurance company, as was only natural, had sent down one of their officials to inquire into the particulars of the fire, and had privately informed Baxendale that, strange and mysterious as were the circumstances, nothing had been discovered which would justify them in refusing to pay the money. This fact was pretty well known among his friends; but the pride which prevented him from claiming the money, likewise forbade his publishing this intimation upon the housetops. If he had done so it would hardly have made a difference. There are some people so constituted that, when engaged in the fascinating occupation of gossiping away another's character, they are not so much unwilling as unable to pay heed to the clearest evidence.

Those who acquitted Baxendale were much exercised as to how the fire arose. As there is no smoke without fire, so it is unusual for there to be fire without hands to kindle the flame. Whose were the hands? To this very natural question there seemed no reasonable answer: and if Baxendale waited until a reasonable answer was forthcoming before claiming the money, it seemed as if a considerable interval of patience was before him. This idea seemed to strike the unfortunate man himself: and after much self-communing he decided that it was only fair to let Nancy know the state of affairs. He could not marry her so long as there was a cloud of suspicion hanging over him, even if she were willing to share his modest income—with a mother-in-law thrown in! And as a dispersal of the said clouds was exceedingly problematical, there seemed no course but a termination of their hopes.

Having come to the conclusion, it only remained to carry it into effect. This was a hard task—far harder than the resigning of a handsome fortune. He was no coxcomb, but he was well aware that he had won Nancy's love

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—that her heart was completely his. How could he deliberately wound that dear heart? How could he steel himself to deal that fatal blow, when all the time his own heart was overflowing with love and tenderness? He thought he had sufficient stoicism to bear any pain himself: but it was another thing to inflict with his own hand misery and suffering upon the woman whom, despite that torturing doubt which he could not stifle, he still loved so dearly. Still, horrible as was the situation, it had to be faced: cruel as was the deed, it had to be done. Postponement he felt would make the task no lighter. So he set out to call at Wayside and bring matters to a climax.

As he walked along the lanes—those lanes filled with memories once so dear but now so bitter—he tried to find comfort in the thought that Nancy might possibly have fallen in with the current belief, and might regard him as guilty. That would make things easier; for she would be ready, nay, anxious, for an end to be put to their relation. He told himself that Nancy was always ready to fall in with the latest opinion: yet all the time he knew that he was doing her an injustice, and that no amount of gossip would ever shake her belief in him. Again the hideous doubt arose in his own mind. "If that is so," he muttered to himself, "she will know the truth about me." And then he bitterly rebuked himself as unworthy for admitting a doubt which he knew Nancy was incapable of entertaining in his case.

Then he wondered whether she would be at home—whether he would find her alone. He half hoped that he should discover the whole family assembled, in order to have a reasonable excuse for a postponement. Do not we all know what a relief it is when circumstances render impossible the thing which we would not and yet know we ought to do? Yet he had a feverish desire to get this thing done at any cost as soon as possible. This doubt was set at rest by his meeting Nancy herself a short distance from the gate leading into the fields at the back of Wayside.

Nancy's heart began to beat loudly when she saw her lover coming toward her; but she managed to assume a fine affectation of indifference.

"Is that really Mr. Baxendale?" she asked, with apparent surprise. "What *can* you be doing walking in the lanes in an afternoon? Are you sure that you are not a wraith, like Jamie in *Auld Robin Grey*, and that I oughtn't to be dreadfully frightened of you, and wear my hair *à la* the bristling porcupine in consequence? Everyone says you have determined to become a saintly hermit on account of your lordly disdain for the unworthy persons who inhabit these regions. I must say there seems some foundation for these rumours, for we haven't seen you at Wayside for a month of Sundays."

Nancy rattled on in this fashion in order to conceal her own agitation. At the sight of Baxendale she had jumped to the conclusion that her belief in her power over him was now about to be justified. He had tried to keep away from her and failed: now he was coming to tell her so, and to make it up. Wherefore it became absolutely necessary to postpone the making up as long as possible; and nothing was more calculated to effect this desirable result than an affectation of flippancy.

But Laurence, though as a rule he had not shown himself backward in playing the game, on this occasion proved to be unaccountably remiss. The old Laurence, with his stiffness and shyness, seemed as by magic restored.

"I am afraid you are right," he said; "I must have seemed sadly negligent of social duties."

"Don't be silly, Laurence," cried Nancy; "fancy talking of 'social duties'! What I want to know is, why haven't you been to see me? Do you call *me* a 'social duty'?"

"I haven't been to see you because it would have been painful to us both," said Baxendale, thinking that he had never seen Nancy look so pretty as she did now. "However, I was intending to call this afternoon. Indeed, I am now on my way."

"Mother will be very pleased to see you," replied Nancy, thinking that Laurence had never looked so stiff and unapproachable. "We had better go in at once. You will have some difficulty in making your peace, I can tell you."

"No; don't let us go in. I will call on Mrs. Burton another day. It is you I want to see."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Nancy, with a little curtsey. "After your behaviour lately you don't deserve it; still, I don't mind going for a walk with you, if you like. In what direction will you turn, 'gentle hermit of the dale'?"

"Let us go to Baxendale. I wish to speak to you about the fire."

Nancy assented silently, and they set off in the direction of the Hall. For some minutes neither of them spoke. Baxendale was too full of what he had to say: moreover, he dreaded beginning. Nancy, for her part, was not par-

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ticularly pleased with Laurence for his silence and his stiffness. He did not seem, she thought, in a particular hurry to begin the process of making it up. However, it was not her nature to keep silence for long; wherefore she soon began to speak.

"So people are right when they say you propose becoming a hermit, are they?" she asked. "I am sorry, because I don't like hermits: they are generally so dirty and disagreeable."

Laurence answered her question with another: "Do you believe everything that people say of me, Nancy?"

"It is only right for a properly brought-up young woman to believe what people say, isn't it?" she asked, with a swift glance from her blue eyes. She was rather frightened at the sight of Baxendale's face.

"I am not jesting," said Baxendale. "You must have heard the common talk, that I set fire to my own house in order to secure the insurance money."

"Yes, of course I have heard all that," remarked Nancy cheerfully.

Laurence's heart sank at the tone of her voice. He thought that she believed him guilty, and that she was glad so to think. He had only been hoping that she would think him guilty—but it was to be accompanied with a proper repulsion from one who could commit such a crime. Yet she seemed rather to be rejoicing at iniquity.

"So you believe this report?" he said at last, with a touch of resentment in his voice.

"Believe it? You silly boy! You don't suppose that I could ever think that you would do such a thing, do you? Why, you are far too proper a person to do anything so sensible! You would have scruples and conscientious objections and searchings of heart at the bare idea! Oh! no, Mr. Baxendale, I know you far too well for that!" And Nancy shook her head with the most profound conviction.

"Then you don't think I did it?" persisted Baxendale, with an eagerness he could not conceal.

"I know you did not do it," replied Nancy empahatically.

"You *know* I did not do it?"

Nancy nodded with renewed emphasis.

"But how can you be so certain—unless, indeed, you know the real culprit? But that is impossible." Baxendale could not help the last sentence becoming a question instead of a statement.

"If you are so silly as not to be able to guess how I know, I am not going to tell you," replied Nancy.

For the second time that afternoon Laurence's heart sank. It was true, then, his horrible suspicion! No, he would not go so far as that: yet it looked as if it might be true.

"It does not matter a straw to me," went on Nancy, "what stupid people say. But isn't it lovely that the old curse is fulfilled at last? Now you will have a good income, and all your money troubles will be over, and——" But Miss Burton stopped, as it seemed to her only reasonable that her lover should finish the sentence. But this expectation, like many other reasonable expectations, was not fulfilled.

"That is just what I want to speak to you about," began Laurence, and then he paused.

Nancy looked at him, but made no effort to help him on. To tell the truth, she was by no means satisfied by what she saw in his face. Love there was, and passion, too: but the passion was kept in restraint, nor was the love of the kind which casteth out fear. Something of this she saw; but she did not know what it cost him to refrain from clasping her in his arms and defying the world. Yet he did it; more than that, he spoke calmly, almost coldly.

"You know that I love you, don't you, Nancy?"

"I thought so once," replied the girl, piqued by his tone; "but you are behaving so queerly that I shall soon begin to have my doubts."

"What do you mean?"

"It is very evident what I mean. A month ago you not only professed to love me, but you seemed eager to see me as often as you possibly could, and appeared glad when you did see me. Ever since the fire you have avoided me as if I, instead of the Hall, had had scarlet fever; and now we have met, you behave as if I were a mad dog or a poor relation, so persistently do you keep me at a distance. A month ago you told me that in all your joys and in all your troubles you would come to me for sympathy. Since the fire, every joy and every trouble has driven you at least five miles in an opposite direction."

Nancy was fast coming to the conclusion that her original idea as to Baxendale's intention was erroneous; as a natural consequence her temper was sorely tried.

"Why don't you answer?" she cried, with a stamp of her foot. "Have you lost your tongue, as they say to children?"

"I hesitate to speak," said Laurence gently, "because I know that what I have to say will pain me, and I fear it will also pain you."

"In that case the sooner you speak the better. When one visits the dentist's one doesn't care for much time to be spent in the dreary

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waiting-room furnished with *passée* magazines."

"Nancy, I hate to say it: yet I must—no other course is possible. I love you, my darling, I love you, and yet we must never see each other again."

"Never see each other again? How can you be so ridiculous, Laurence? This is really absurd! You say you love me: and I have told you that I love you. What is to prevent our seeing each other and being happy ever afterward, as they are in fairy tales?"

They were now in Baxendale Park, slowly walking toward the ruins. Laurence pointed to the Hall as he said: "The reason is there. The old curse has come true, and the blow falls upon me. I cannot in honour marry you."

"It seems to me that it is quite the other way. You have won my love, and I should say you were bound in honour to marry me. As for the curse, it is really a blessing. You might have had scruples about marrying before: but the fire has provided you with an adequate income."

"No, it has not," muttered Laurence gloomily.

"You seem to have exalted ideas as to adequacy. Anyway, the interest on a hundred thousand pounds is good enough for me; so don't be silly, there's a dear, and compel me to say that the fire at Baxendale has cooked my goose for me. You are a goose, you know—and mine—but I'll take you uncooked, if you don't mind."

"Nancy, cannot you understand that I am unable to claim the insurance money?"

"Most certainly I cannot. I never heard anything more ridiculous! What are insurance companies for except to make it worth people's while to die or marry or be burned to death? They made no difficulty about taking your money as long as there was no fire, and now that there has been a fire, it is your turn to take their money. I don't see why, as the Irishman said, the reciprocity should be all on one side."

"But people say it was no accident."

"What does it matter what people say, as long as they don't speak the truth? And that they hardly ever do, if they are women—which the majority of people are in England, according to the last census, worse luck!"

"But how can I take this money when it is said that I set my own house on fire in order to get it?"

"But you didn't," replied Nancy; "and, as a matter of fact, your declining to take the money will be regarded as a proof that you did: just as conscientious scruples against supporting any nonconforming charity proves that people were brought up as thorough-paced Dissenters; and asking innocent questions about the habits of the middle class proves that the anxious enquirers were born and bred in Tottenham Court Road. Nobody apparently knows so little about a thing as those who really know too much."

"I can't do it, Nancy, I can't do it," cried Laurence. "Don't ask me to do it. It's hard enough as it is to do what I know to be right."

"I suppose you think it very fine to sacrifice your own interests for the good of the company. That is all very well. But you have no right to sacrifice me on the altar of your absurd scruples. I never set myself up as being an Iphigenia or a Japhtha's daughter up to date."

Baxendale made no reply. They were now standing close by the Hall, looking at the ravages made by the fire. For a few minutes neither of them spoke: then Baxendale felt a soft hand steal gently into his own.

"Laurence, darling," whispered Nancy, "you don't mean what you say. Tell me, it is all a mistake. Just think of what it means to me. Oh! my love, why can't we be happy together, now that the obstacle to your poverty has been removed? Not that it was ever an obstacle to me: poverty always seems to me a nice, cheerful, picnicky sort of thing with a man one really likes. But you made a silly fuss about it while it was here, and you seem to make a still sillier fuss about it now that it has disappeared."

"Don't tempt me, sweetheart, don't tempt me."

"Surely you were in earnest when you told me you loved me better than anything on earth?"

"You know I meant it, Nancy. Oh! my darling, don't make it harder for me than it is. I love you better than life itself. But it is a question of honour. I cannot let you marry me so long as suspicion rests upon me. Nor can I take the money."

Nancy turned to her lover, with a look he had never before seen in her blue eyes—love and pride, offended dignity and spurned affection mingled there with a misery that cut him like a knife.

"Then you prefer your scruples to me? Having won my heart you weigh it in the balance with your conscience, and find that the latter is by far the heavier and more valuable commodity of the two. Then you scribble

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Mene tekel all over my heart, and pitch it out of the window as being light weight. But you hug your own conscience in an ecstasy of appreciation, murmuring to yourself, 'What a good boy am I!' As for what becomes of my rejected heart—whether some other man picks it up, or whether it is trampled to death in the dust—is a matter of no more moment to you than it is to the man in the moon. You have your own dear, large, honourable, superfine, extra-weight conscience in its place: and that is enough for you."

Laurence could only say: "You do not understand me now—some day you will."

"Then all is over between us?"

Laurence literally could not speak: he could only bow in silent misery.

Nancy drew herself up, and with a scornful "Good-bye, Mr. Baxendale," turned away.

Baxendale for a few seconds stood rooted to the spot. Then all his love rushed over him with overwhelming force, and he felt he could not let her go.

"Nancy!" he cried, as he started to follow her.

But she shook her head, and walked proudly on.

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. CANDY'S OPINION.

Some actions, which could never have been meant,
Are brought about by purest accident.

Thus it came to pass that Nancy Burton had to break off the thread of her life and begin all over again *minus* the principal element; a task the stupendous difficulty of which is not understood save by those who have tried it in person.

Laurence Baxendale had so completely permeated all her thoughts, words and works that it seemed well-nigh impossible to eliminate him from every hour of the day, and from every event of life, including the most trivial and the most sublime. The beauties of art and literature and nature owed half their *raison d'être*, in Nancy's philosophy, to the fact that she loved Laurence: the passing irritations of the trivial round and the common task lost half their sting in the consciousness that Laurence loved her. And now she had to face a world where there was no longer, as far as she was concerned, a Laurence to add glamour and intensity to her soul's most exalted moments, to relieve the weariness of its most uninteresting duties. The prospect of the dreary path which lay before her was almost more than she could face with equanimity: yet it had to be borne, and borne with a brave front, as Nancy was the type of woman to whom pity was an insult. Her only comfort in the matter was that her engagement with Laurence had never been made public—had not been so much an actual engagement as an arrangement between their two selves that they would become engaged at some future time if fortune favoured them: so that she had to suffer none of the unpleasantness attendant upon an openly broken-off engagement. This she felt she really could not have endured. Of course, all the world knew that Mr. Baxendale and Miss Burton had "walked out together" and "kept company," so to speak: but a laxity is allowed to mere company keepers and walkers together which is not permitted to those whose betrothal has been advertised by letters of congratulations and a diamond ring. The former bond can be broken at the will of the parties concerned, for no better reason than that they are tired of it and want a change: at least, their world would be satisfied with this. But an actual jilting must be justified by a difference over the settlements, or the discovery of some disgraceful family secret, or else all the gossips of the neighbourhod will know the reason why.

Mrs. Burton was very good to her daughter just then. She showed her no open sympathy: she knew Nancy too well for that; but in a thousand little ways, too trivial to be described, she comforted Nancy as only a mother can comfort.

Nora, too, was kind to her sister: but her own love affair with Mr. Arbuthnot was just then proceeding along such smooth and pleasant lines that Nancy's sore heart was inclined to be restive under Nora's tenderest touch. And then Nora agreed with Nancy in blaming Laurence.

The only people who can really help us when we are in great trouble are those who have suffered more than we are suffering, and those who love us better than we love ourselves; and although Faith Fairfax could not lay claim to the latter qualification, as far as Nancy was concerned, she could to the former; and so Nancy found a certain consolation in Faith's society just then. She knew that Faith had loved Laurence and had loved him in vain; therefore she recognised that Faith's burden was a heavier one than hers; for, however desolate the rest of her existence was doomed to be, she had once lain in Laurence's arms and had felt his kisses on her face, and nothing could ever rob her of the bitter sweetness of that memory.

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The woman who has never been in love, has no power to help the woman whose love is a sorrow to her; the woman who has found nothing but happiness in love, has even less; for they both of them live in a different atmosphere and move along a different plane from their less fortunate sister. The former talks a language foreign to her; the latter, though acquainted with the same language, is read in a widely diverse lore; therefore she and they have but little in common. But Faith knew what it was to be in love—knew even what it was to be in love with Laurence Baxendale: and therefore Nancy called at Ways Hall far oftener than was absolutely necessary for the mere maintaining of neighbourly relations. Finally—most important of all—Faith did not agree with Nancy in the latter's condemnation of Laurence's refusal to accept the insurance money.

While we are as yet young and inexperienced (which comes to the same thing), when a woman confides in us her grievance against the man of her choice, our natural inclination—should we desire to please the woman—is to take her part against him and to tell her so. But as we grow older and learn better to know our world, we do nothing of the kind: we understand that to tell her that she is right and that he is wrong, and that we unanimously second all her votes of censure upon him, is to make her our enemy for life; while to put it plainly before her what a fool she is compared with him, and how utterly he is in the right and she is in the wrong with regard to the matter in dispute, is to earn her undying friendship. It may be taken as an axiom that a woman is never more bitter toward any one than toward those well meaning but misguided persons who take her part against her lover. Therefore, the more Nancy worked herself up into a state of righteous indignation with Laurence for throwing away his happiness and her own for the sake of a (to her) absurd scruple, the more did she love Faith for defending the course he had elected to pursue, and the more (which really was unjust and unjustifiable) did she blame Lady Alicia and Nora for taking exactly the same view of the matter as she took herself.

"I can approve of people who sacrifice their lives for a principle," she said to Faith, when the two girls were discussing—as all Mershire was discussing—Laurence's action with reference to the insurance money, "but I really haven't patience with those who sacrifice everything for a mere scruple, such as Laurence Baxendale; have you?"

"Somehow he is different from other people; one cannot judge him by the same standards; and he seems to elevate a scruple into a principle."

"But don't you think it is stupid of him to choose to go on being poor, when he might now be rich?" persisted Nancy.

"No, I can't say that I do. I think it is simply splendid of him to sacrifice everything, in the way he is doing, to what he considers right."

"But the world in general doesn't consider that it is right: it condemns him as absurdly Quixotic. Of course, I should admire his action as much as you do if it was actual wrongdoing that he was so firmly set against, and if he deliberately chose poverty rather than dishonour. But it isn't. He is sacrificing himself and his mother for the sake of a sentimental scruple, which everybody except himself thinks is ridiculous as well as sentimental."

"That, I think, is where he is behaving so nobly. If all the world agreed with him that the only alternative to poverty was something wrong or dishonourable, he would have no choice in the matter: any man would prefer poverty to what other men condemned as dishonourable and despised accordingly: but to be poor rather than do what he himself considers dishonourable, although nobody else agrees with him that it is so, seems to me a splendid sort of thing, and just what anyone who knows Laurence would expect of him." Faith certainly took a higher and more ideal view of the matter than did Nancy: but then Faith's life had not been included in Laurence's holocaust, and Nancy's had—which makes all the difference in an abstract discussion on sacrifice as a fine art.

"Let us look in and see Mrs. Candy," suggested Nancy, as the two girls had by that time reached the cottage where that worthy matron was, for the present, pitching her moving tent. She and her husband had incontinently fled from their holiday as soon as the news reached them of the catastrophe at Baxendale; and Laurence had felt himself bound to provide them with a cottage at once, and remove thereto all their Lares and Penates, which—fortunately having been upon the ground floor—were practically none the worse for the fire. A vacant keeper's lodge at one of the park gates exactly suited them; and there good Mrs. Candy took up her abode, and discussed with every passer-by the accident which had driven her and her husband out of their former home.

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"Yes, dear," agreed Faith; "she is always delightful company." So the girls entered the little garden gate, and found Mrs. Candy shelling peas in the porch.

"Well, it dew seem good of yew young ladies to come and see me," remarked the good woman when the customary greetings had been exchanged and her guests had found themselves fairly comfortable resting-places upon two upturned flower-pots; "for what with the fire and our holiday and the trains and all we've been threw i' the last fortnit, I've got such a lot to say that I don't know how to keep it in, I don't; and yet there's nobody to say it tu when Candy goes to his work; and it's sorry work it is to keep your words back when you are fairly burstin' with 'em."

"I know that feeling, Mrs. Candy," said Nancy. But Faith kept silence, because she did not know it.

"It du seem an upset to come back after such a pleasant holiday-time as me and Candy has just had, and to find no home to come tu," continued Mrs. Candy; "I haven't felt so upset as I did when Mr. Baxendale wrote with his own hand to tell us that the Hall was burnt down, no, not since all the red currants fermented in the preserving-pot three summers ago, and had to be given to the pigs instead o' makin' jelly for the gentry roundabouts. I *was* put out that time, and no mistake. 'Candy,' I says, 'I've treated the red currants this year the same as I've always treated them, and yet they niver before turned again me in this way: then what's the reason of it, I wants to know?' I says. 'Misses,' says he, 'there's some reason, yew may be sure o' that, or such a thing niver would have come to pass.' Oh! he's a wise man, is Candy—there ain't much i' this warld as puzzles him."

"I knew you'd be immensely surprised to hear of such a catastrophe," exclaimed Nancy; "as we all were," she added as an afterthought.

"I was, indeed, miss. When the letter came, we was havin' tea wi' my sister, who is housekeeper up at Cromer Hall: and—wud yew believe it?—there was sangwiches for tea made out o' hard-boiled eggs. 'Well,' says I, when I seed 'em. 'I thought as I'd been everywhere and seed everything,' I says, 'but sangwiches made out o' eggs is news to me.' And afore I'd done bein' astonished at the sangwiches, the letter came bringin' word as Baxendale Hall was burnt down. Yew see, the postman knew we was havin' tea wi' my sister, and knowin' as a letter generally meant bad news, he thought it best to bring it on to us as onst. And then on the top of them egg-sangwiches comes the downfall o' Baxendale; and I feels how trew it is as wunners never cease."

"I am sure you grieve, as we all do, that such a blow should fall on your master," said Faith.

Mrs. Candy placed a hand on either knee, and looked Miss Fairfax full in the face. "Waal, miss, I wean't deceive yew; it wadn't be right, and I wean't du it. When we'd read Mr. Baxendale's letter, Candy says to me, he says, 'Lizzie, this'll be a blow for the master, and no mistake.' But I shakes my head: 'Candy,' I says, 'there's good to be got out of everythin', as we can all learn from nettle-tea; and it's my opinion,' says I, 'that Providence has taken this opportewnity o' gettin' the better o' old Mr. Baxendale's will.' That's what I says."

Nancy looked up quickly: "And you were quite right, Mrs. Candy."

"So Candy said: 'Lizzie,' says he, 'I doubt but there's somethin' in what yew say.' 'I'll be bound there is,' says I; 'du yew suppose as folks are goin' to be allowed to make them foolish wills, like the present master's grandfather did, and that Providence ain't a-goin' to be even wi' them? Not they! And that is just what I should have expected o' Providence, seein' that the master's grandfather was such a fule (beggin' his pardon) that he bound the present Mr. Baxendale to pay goodness knows what every year to keep a lot o' rubbish from bein' burned, as any sensible man cud see wasn't worth the burnin'.' That's what I said and what I thought. And to my mind Providence has behaved very sensible in the matter, seein' that there'd be no peace and no plenty for nobody as long as them rubbishy old books was above ground."

"You never did approve of the Baxendale library, I remember," said Faith, with a smile.

"No more I did, miss, and why should I, seein' that it cost such a lot to them as cud ill afford it, and brought no good to nobody? Yew see, miss, Candy don't hold wi' books, doesn't Candy; and it seems to me as if Providence was of Candy's opinion, seein' as how all that old rubbishy heap was burned up in a night, as yew may say. If Providence had had any patience wi' old Mr. Baxendale's nonsense, that there library had niver ha' been burned: yew may take my word for that," said Mrs. Candy, giving good reason for the hope that was in her.

Nancy nodded: "Yes, yes, Mrs. Candy; there's something in that. After all, if things ought not to happen they would not be allowed

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to happen." Her logic was consolatory if unsound.

"Yes, miss, that's what me and Candy thinks: and we can't hold wi' Mr. Laurence goin' agen Providence, as yew may say, in not takin' all that money as is his right and his dew, and which was Providence's making up to him for all that rubbish in his grandfather's will."

Faith drew herself up rather haughtily: "Surely Mr. Baxendale has a right to take what he considers the honourable course without consulting the whole neighbourhood."

"Not he, miss: we can none of us du without takin' the advice of our neighbours, and it's a wunnerful help sometimes hearin' what they say of us, though we mayn't enjoy it at the time. Now he's got a regular bee in his bonnet, Mr. Baxendale has; and the suner folks can teach him to take it out the better for him. He should just hear what Candy says of his behaviour; that wud open his eyes, that wud."

Nancy laughed ruefully: "I am afraid I agree with Candy."

"Yew see, miss, there's nothin' so troublesome as when folks get werritting about what's right and what's wrong. 'Let 'em do what's right,' Candy says, 'and think no more about it;' and he's a wunnerful knowledgeable man, is Candy. But always thinkin' about one's dewty, and dwellin' upon it, is more than anybody can stand: and that's the bad habit as Mr. Baxendale has got into, as his poor father did afore him."

"Yes; it is a pity, of course, to grow morbid upon the subject of one's duty," said Faith.

"So it be, miss, so it be; and when once yew get doubtin' about things, there's no more rest for nobody—neither for yewrself nor for them that lives wi' yew. I remember Miss Tryphosa Phillipson, as I lived with afore I was married. She was an old maid, and one o' the werritting sort. And when I lived wi' her she'd wake me up in the night and say, 'Lizzie, I doubt if the front door's locked: will yew just run down to make sure?' So off I had to go i' the cold. Then no suner was I safe back in bed and dosin' off, than she'd begin agen: 'Lizzie, I don't remember if we douted the candles in the drawing-room: will yew just run down and make sure?' And off I had to go agen. And that's how folk get who are full of conscience and scruples and things o' that sort: a trouble to theirselves, and worse than a trouble to them as lives wi' them."

"Still a sense of duty is a fine thing, and so is a tender conscience. I had rather have a conscience that was too tender than one that was too tough."

"Maybe, Miss Fairfax, maybe; but Candy don't hold wi' folks as make a god o' their conscience, Candy don't. I remember onst Mr. Arbuthnot preached a sermon about a saint—I forgit his right name, but I know he were a saint—who spent all his life o' the top of a pillar, just for the sake o' his conscience; and Candy was that set agen him as niver was. He said, Candy did, that if folks was meant to live at the top o' pillars and posts they'd have been made to grow up 'em, like hops and kidney-beans; and he didn't hold with such Jack-and-the-Beanstalk ways, didn't Candy."

"Simon Stylites was the name of the saint," said Faith, with a smile.

"And Mr. Baxendale was made on the same last," added Nancy.

"So he was, Miss Burton, so he was; yew niver spoke a trewer word. But I make bold to say that there saint didn't stick his lady-mother on the top o' the pillar alongside of him, because there wudn't ha' been room for her; and yet that's what Mr. Baxendale does with her leddyship, beggin' his pardon."

Again the proud look crept over Faith's aristocratic face: but Nancy said bitterly: "Yes, it's dull for women at the tops of pillars, Mrs. Candy."

"So it be, miss, so it be; and most perticlar for a leddy brought up as Leddy Alicia was. I remember her when she was livin' at the Hall, I du, in old Mr. Baxendale's time—Mr. Laurence's father, that is to say—and he worshipped the very ground she trod on, and thought nothin' too good for her, which it wasn't, considerin' what a pretty face she had in those days, and a figure like a willow wand."

"She must have been very handsome," Nancy exclaimed.

"She was, miss—a perfect picter; and a sight handsomer than all the old picters at the Hall, which Mr. Baxendale's grandfather set such store by. She was one o' the sort as seem made to be waited on, bless her!"

"She hasn't had much waiting on in late years, poor lady," said Faith, with a sigh.

"No more she has, miss; and it don't seem becomin', somehow. I shall niver forgit the first time I saw her come inta the kitchen at Poplar Farm to give an order herself, instead o' ringin' the bell for the footman to take it, as she used to du up at the Hall. I remember onst when I was in service to give me such a turn as niver was when I see the kitchen-maid mix the mustard in one o' the room tea-cups:

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'Yew must always use a kitchen tea-cup for mixing the mustard in, yew careless hussy,' I says: 'and niver let me see yew speak disrespectfully o' one of the room tea-cups agen.' And it give me just such another turn when I see her leddyship come inta the kitchen at Poplar Farm."

"Yes; life has been hard for Lady Alicia," Faith agreed.

"So it has, miss; and therefore I hold it is Mr. Laurence's bounden dewty to spend all that there insurance money in makin' his poor mother comforable in her old age, instead o' sittin' all by himself up on the top of a pillar, as yew may say. I don't deny as conscience is an invention o' Providence and shud be respected as such; but Candy says to me, 'Lizzie,' he says, 'the same Providence as invented Mr. Laurence's conscience invented the Fifth Commandment; and it ain't honourin' the Fifth Commandment to keep a leddy o' that quality in a farm-house, without so much as a single-handed footman to answer the bell.' That's what Candy said; and he's one to stick to what he's said, is Candy."

"I wonder how the house did catch fire, after all, and whether the mystery ever will be cleared up," said Faith, dreamily.

"Well, miss, he's got his idea on that matter, has Candy, and so have I, beggin' your pardon."

Nancy looked up, her face alive with interest: "Let us hear your explanation of the matter, Mrs. Candy," she begged.

Mrs. Candy, nothing loath, replied: "Well, miss, it ain't for poor folks like Candy and me to set our opinion above the gentry; but what we thinks we says, and what we says we sticks to. Now, I wean't deceive yew by sayin' as I believe Mr. Baxendale burned down his own house on purpose, as some folks say he did; but they aren't them as knows him."

"I should think not!" Faith exclaimed under her breath.

"But I think as he did it himself, all the same, though he's no more knowledge of it than the babe unborn."

"What *do* you mean?" asked Nancy.

"Well, miss, I think as Mr. Baxendale burned down the Hall hisself, but he did it by accident. First, nobody but hisself cud ha' done it when me and Candy was away, because nobody but hisself had the keys. He had tew sets of his own, and I give up our set to him before I went away; and all the folks say as the Hall was set afire from the inside o' the library. Then he's tu fond o' smokin', is Mr. Laurence—sadly too fond: why men shud make a chimbley o' their mouths is more than I can say; but Mr. Laurence is terrible fond o' doin' it, and many a time he's give me a fright for fear the sparks and matches shud get among them rubbishy old books. Why, he'd light his pipe up at the Hall, and throw the match away, and laugh at me when I said it was enough to burn the house down over our heads. 'Yew needn't be afeared o' me, Mrs. Candy,' he'd say as peart as peart; 'if yew are as careful as me,' says he, 'the Hall won't be burned down again in our time.' As if any man—even Candy hisself—cud be as careful as a woman! But poor Mr. Laurence, bein' but a single man, didn't know no better."

Nancy's face was positively pale with excitement: "Then you really believe that that is the explanation of the fire, Mrs. Candy?"

"I du, miss; not a doubt on it. As soon as we heard on it, Candy says to me, 'Lizzie,' says he, 'mark my words; this comes o' the master bein' so fond o' smokin', and lightin' his pipe all over the place. (He don't smoke hisself, Candy don't.) I make no doubt,' he says, 'as he's lighted his pipe onst too often in that rubbishy old library.' Yew see, miss, he'd throw the match away, as he was so fond o' doin', and go away, and lock up the house, and forgit all about it. And the match wud smoulder and smoulder till it got to them rubbishy old books; and then the whole place 'ud be in a blaze like one o'clock, and nobody cud put it out agen: particularly as the wind happened to be so high that night, which made it burn all the quicker."

But Faith laughed this suggestion to scorn: "What an absurd idea, Mrs. Candy! As if Mr. Baxendale would be so careless as to burn down his own house."

"Yew aren't married, miss, beggin' your pardon, and so yew don't know how careless men can be—even the best o' them. Why, even Candy hisself 'll leave his boots dryin' at the fire till the toes is burned out, unless I happen to be handy to take 'em away as sune as they begin to smell. But he'd niver notice it, bless yew! not till the smell o' burned leather had got on your stomach till it was enough to bring the house down. That's a man all over!" And Mrs. Candy fairly bridled with pride at the extreme virility of her lord and master.

Faith was silent, and smiled the smile of the unconvinced.

"But what puts me out," the garrulous matron continued, "is that it was all my fault. If I'd ha' been content to stay at home and not got werritting over our grave and Sarah Maria's twins, Baxendale Hall wud niver have

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been burned. Candy wud ha' seen to that. Don't go tellin' me as the Hall wud ever ha' caught fire if Candy had been here to look after it, because it wudn't. But that comes o' carin' too much for this vile body, and for other folk's babies, which are made to be cut down like grass. Yew see, Candy niver fashed hisself about the grave nor the twins; and why shud he, seein' as they was neither o' them his flesh and blood?"

"But they were yours," suggested Faith; "and you and he are one."

Mrs. Candy shook her head decidedly: "Now, Miss Fairfax, when yew've got a husband o' your own, don't yew go believin' no rubbish as to his relations bein' the same as yours, or t'other way round: because they ain't. Why, things as wud only make him have a merry laugh if his relations did 'em will fairly turn his stomach if they was done by yours. And it'll be the same wi' yew. I remember when my sister Carrie was a bit flirty, I thought it a rare bit o' fun; but when Candy's sister Jennie carried on wi' a young man, she fairly turned me sick, the forward hussy! I niver did get on wi' Jennie: her tongue was too sharp for my taste, and I never cud a-bear a sharp tongue."

"Then wasn't Carrie's tongue ever sharp?" asked Nancy slyly.

"Oh! Carrie was different. Her tongue was a bit sharp sometimes, I don't deny; now and then she'd be as peart as peart and have an answer for anybody. But somehow she didn't rile yew as Jennie did. When Carrie laughed at yew, she just set yew a-laughin' at yewrself; but when Jennie laughed at yew, oh, my!—she just made yew all agog to slap her. She was always a-gettin' the better of yew, Jennie was. I remember when my childern died and hers lived, she was that lordin' it over me as niver was; as if anybody wud want childern to live as had got noses like Jennie's childern! And such bad behaviour, too, just like their mother. No; I wean't deceive yew; there niver was anythin' genteel about Jennie, nor niver will be, no, not if she lives to be a hundred."

There was a moment's pause while Mrs. Candy's mind revelled in the memory of the unsatisfactory manners and profiles of her sister-in-law's offspring: then less soothing thoughts intervened, and she went on more seriously: "No, young ladies, I shall niver cease to blame myself for havin' been the cause o' the Hall bein' burned down. If I'd stopped at home, as Candy wanted to, it wud niver ha' come to pass. So let it be a lesson to yew—if ever yew get husbands o' your own—to du what they want yew, whether yew see the sense o' it or not. The Prayer Book tells us as we are to obey our husbands; and them as wrote the Prayer Book knew what they was talkin' about, unless I'm much mistaken. And if I'd ha' given heed to Candy's words, instead o' to my own sinful heart, coupled with the grave and Sarah Maria's twins, Baxendale Hall wud ha' been standin' on its own legs to this blessed day."

And Mrs. Candy looked round her with the dignified despair of one who has sinned greatly and has been greatly punished.

(To be Continued.)

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1902.

July publications were naturally very light, much fewer than in any preceding month of the year. *Ranson's Folly,* by Richard Harding Davis, was by far the most notable book of the month, and is having an exceptionally good sale for a volume of short stories. *Mrs. Tree,* by Laura E. Richards, was another book meeting with a good demand, and one likely to sell readily throughout the autumn season.

Sales during July were largely of the popular fiction of the day, the leading titles of the last few months still remaining prominent. *The Virginian,* by Owen Wister, now leads in point of sale, although closely pressed by *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, Hearts Courageous* and *The Mississippi Bubble* continue much in demand. *The Conqueror* and *Dorothy South* show no signs of decreasing in popularity, while *Those Delightful Americans,* by Mrs. Everard Cotes, and *The Spenders,* by Harry Leon Wilson, are increasing in popularity.

Much interest is being manifested in the announcements of new fiction for the autumn trade, and there is considerable speculation as to whether such enormous sales will be reached with this class of books as in the past few years. Assuming that the publishers continue their liberal advertising and the department stores realise that, even with the maintained price, books are practically as useful for leaders as before, and with the better position of the regular dealer, there seems no likelihood of decreased demand. *Temporal Power,* by Marie Corelli; *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn,* by F. Hopkinson Smith; and *Castle Craneycrow,* by George Barr McCutch-

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eon, with others of a similar character, may be expected to test the situation.

Other announcements of early forthcoming books which will undoubtedly be acceptable for the autumn trade are: *Shakespeare and His Forerunners,* by Sidney Lanier; *Recollections of a Long Life,* by Theodore L. Cuyler; *Daniel Webster,* by John D. McMaster; and a limp leather edition of Rolfe's *Shakespeare,* heretofore made in cloth only. An attractive list of juveniles will include new books by such well-known writers for the young as Horatio Alger, Jr., Edward S. Ellis, James Otis, Everett T. Tomlinson, Martha Finley, Laura E Richards and G. A. Henty. Novelties in calendars are also numerous.

The demand for outdoor books has not been as great as during the last few years, yet a number of titles on seasonable subjects have sold readily, of which *Wild Life of Orchard and Field,* by Ernest Ingersoll; *The Kindred of the Wild,* by Charles G. D. Roberts; and *Forest Neighbours,* by William D. Hulbert, may be mentioned as attractive.

Business for the month just passed has undoubtedly compared favorably with that of the same period of former years, and has been quite up to expectations. Sales have been largely confined to fiction and light reading, with a fair amount of library trade and a few advance school orders. The outlook is now good for a heavy fall season, with much new and attractive material from which to make sales.

The best selling books of the month in their order of popularity follow, with but few changes from the list of last month:

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.

Ranson's Folly. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. By Charles Major. $1.50.

Hearts Courageous. By Hallie Erminie Rives. $1.50.

The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.

The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself. $1.50.

The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.

The Conqueror. By Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.

Dorothy South. By George Cary Eggleston. $1.50.

The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. $1.50.

Miss Petticoats. By Dwight Tilton. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 1, 1902.

July business was good, viewed from the comparative standpoint, and especially so when the fact that it is about the dullest month in the year is taken into consideration. Country trade was quite the feature of the month, being much better than is usual at this time of the year, and orders from that source were quite numerous. A more than average demand for popular fiction prevailed and the leading books in that class sold well, almost without exception.

The best selling book of the month was *The Virginian,* for which the demand was unusually heavy. Next in order came *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* which seems to have attained almost classic rank. Both of these books appear to have firmly established themselves, and a good autumn sale can reasonably be expected for them. It is worthy of note that these books have attained their present place in public favour by pure merit, and have never at any time been particularly boomed. *Dorothy Vernon* went well, and *The Mississippi Bubble* increased its sale over June. *The Story of Mary MacLane* was in lively demand locally on account of the author's visit to this city, and *Ranson's Folly,* Richard Harding Davis's last effort, met with an excellent reception. Other books which continue to grow in popularity are *The Leopard's Spots, The Spenders* and *Dorothy South.*

Representatives of nearly all the important publishing houses in the country visited Chicago last month with samples of, and information concerning, their autumn books. As a whole, autumn preparations, while not lacking in number, appear to be fairly conservative, and attain a standard equal to, if not surpassing, previous years. There is not much that is novel or original, and it is evidently expected that trade will move largely along the same lines as last year. Fiction is, of course, largely represented, but the comparative failure of several spring books to come up to expectations has undoubtedly had its influence, and it is probable that more caution with this class of books will be shown than last year.

One of the minor features of coming holiday books of the cheaper kind is the prevalence of what is called Ooze calf bindings. Less than a decade ago Ooze calf-bound books could not be sold readily anywhere; now the taste has changed to such an extent that there are few publishers that are not putting something on their list in that binding.

It is expected that most of the important of the autumn books will be ready early; indeed, some of them, notably, *A Speckled Bird,* by Augusta Evans, and *Castle Craneycrow,* by George B. McCutcheon, will be published this month. Among others to come later, Marie Corelli's *Temporal Power,* Gilbert Parker's *Donovan Pasha* and Booth Tarkington's *The Two Van Revels* are sure to meet with great success.

The following books led sales last month in the order in which they are placed:

The Virginian. By Owen Wister. $1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.

Dorothy Vernon. By Charles Major. $1.50.

The Mississippi Bubble. By Emerson Hough. $1.50.

The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself. $1.50.

Ranson's Folly. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.50.

The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon. $1.50.

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The Spenders. By Harry Leon Wilson. $1.50.
The Hound of the Baskervilles. By Conan Doyle. $1.25.
Audrey. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Dorothy South. By George Cary Eggleston. $1.50.
The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. By Ottilie J. Liljenkranz. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, JUNE 20 TO JULY 19, 1902.

Trade in the early part of the month was considerably affected by the sudden postponement of the coronation, the sale of souvenirs and literature pertaining to the event being brought to an abrupt termination, and during the period of doubt and anxiety as to the condition of His Majesty the whole attention of the public was devoted to the perusal of the daily papers and illustrated weeklies. This, in conjunction with the break of the holidays, to a large extent disorganised everything, so that the customary slackness of this season was more marked than usual.

Undoubtedly the most important publication of the month has been *Henry VIII.*, by A. F. Pollard in the Historical Series of Messrs. Goupil.

Notwithstanding it is practically the dead season in the publishing world, there has been a fairly large muster of 6s. novels, several of which have been much in request; and, although no sensational sales have been effected, there has been, more especially toward the latter part of the time, a satisfactory demand. Among those which call for special notice are *The New Christians, The Mill of Silence* and *Love with Honour.* Of former issues *David Harum, The Lady Paramount* and *The Kentons* have sold well. Orders are now coming in freely for the approaching volume by Marie Corelli.

Mark Twain's *A Double-Barrelled Detective Story* and *Between Ourselves,* by Max O'Rell, have been the two most prominent lines at 3s. 6d.

Campaign literature still lingers with a certain amount of popularity. *The Mechanism of War,* by "Linesman," and *The Boer Fight for Freedom,* by Michael Davitt, have been in a double sense to the front.

With the advent of a more settled spell of warm weather came a large demand for guide books to the various holiday resorts, those for Scotland and gallant little Wales being notable favourites.

The *Scenery of England,* by Lord Avebury, has continued to find many purchasers.

A number of natural history handbooks, such as Gordon's "Our Country's Series," have also been disposed of.

Two little volumes by Douglas Haden treating of London pictorially have sold freely.

The Sixpenny Reprint is certainly the chief line of the holiday season, and the sales of this class have been very great; indeed, they may be said in several cases to have been "prodigious." The three chief items were *East Lynne, Lorna Doone* and *The Prisoner of Zenda.* Of the latter, the edition, consisting of 100,000, was almost exhausted on the day of publication. Many of the formerly published works in this series have also maintained a large amount of popularity.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the month:

The Lady Paramount. By Henry Harland. 6s. (Lane.)
The New Christians. By Percy White. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Mill of Silence. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Long.)
Love With Honour. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Lane.)
David Harum. By E. W. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)
The Kentons. By W. D. Howells. 6s. (Harper.)
Henry VIII. By A. F. Pollard. 63s. net. (Goupil.)
The Scenery of England. By Lord Avebury. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)
The Unspeakable Scot. By T. W. H. Crosland. 5s. (Richards.)
A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. By Mark Twain. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
The Mechanism of War. By "Linesman." 3s. 6d. (W. Blackwood.)
The Boer Fight for Freedom. By Michael Davitt. 6s. net. (Funk and Wagnalls.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JULY 10 TO AUGUST 10, 1902.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:
Complete Geography. H. Justin Roddy.
Elementary Geography. H. Justin Roddy.
A Grammar of Attic and Ionic Greek. Frank Cole Babbitt.
High School Algebra. M. A. Bailey.

Barnes and Company:
A World's Shrine. Virginia W. Johnson.

Brentano's:
Stronger Than Love. Mrs. Alexander.

Buckles and Company:
Separation. Margaret Lee.
A Woman's No. Mrs. H. L. Cameron.

Dolphin Press:
Poems, Charades, Inscriptions of Pope Leo XIII., with English Translations and Notes. H. T. Henry.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:
The Jewish Encyclopædia. Isidore Singer, Managing Editor. Vol. II.
Concise Standard Dictionary. James C. Fernald.

Holt and Company:
Political History of the United States. J. P. Gordy.

New Amsterdam Book Company:
History of the Expedition under the Command of Captains Lewis and Clark. Vols. I., II. and III.

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Ogilvie Publishing Company:
The Man in the Street. With an Introduction by Chauncey M. Depew.

Putnam's Sons:
The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci. Dmitri Merejkowski.
The Unspeakable Scot. T. W. H. Crosland.

Quail and Warner:
A Girl Who Wrote. Alan Dale.

Scribner's Sons:
The Works of F. Hopkinson Smith. Laguerre's and Well-Worn Roads.
The Works of F. Hopkinson Smith. Caleb West, Master Diver. Vol. VI.
Colonel Carter, and Other Tales of the South. Vol. III. F. Hopkinson Smith.
A White Umbrella in Mexico and Other Lands. Vol. II. F. Hopkinson Smith.
Handbook of Best Reading. S. H. Clark.

Surrey Book Company:
Concrete Identities. William P. Stewart.
Abstract Identities. William P. Stewart.

BOSTON, MASS.

Small, Maynard and Company:
Pine Tree Ballads. Holman F. Day.
The Death of Sir Launcelot, and Other Poems. C. B. Pallen.

Ginn and Company:
The Future of War. I. S. Block.
Spanish and English Conversation. Aida E. Pinney. (First and Second book.)

Page and Company:
The Best of Stevenson. Edited by Alexander Jessup.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Merrill Company:
Chiquita. Merrill Tileston.

McClurg and Company:
Right Reading. Edited by Ten Authors.
The Bridge of the Gods. F. H. Balch.

Laird and Lee:
Michael Carmichael. Miles Sandys.
The Starbucks. Opie Read.
The Dead City. Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Open Court Publishing Company:
Hymns of the Faith. Albert J. Edmunds.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Lippincott and Company:
The Novels of William Harrison Ainsworth:
Flitch of Bacon.
Rookwood. Vols. I. and II.
Jack Sheppard. Vols. I. and II.
The Night Side of London. Robert Machray.
The Book of Daniel and the Minor Prophets. Edited by R. Sinker.
The Gospel According to Luke. Edited by M. R. Vincent.
The Book of the Prophet Ezekiel. Edited by O. C. Whitehouse.
The Book of Jeremiah and Lamentations. Edited by F. Tyrell Green.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Brooklyn Eagle Press:
That Minister's Boy. W. W. Hooper.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Burrows Brothers' Company:
Denton's New York. Daniel Denton.

CLINTON, N. Y.

Allen Company:
Uncle George's Letters to the Garcia Club. George H. Allen.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.

Bissonnette:
Ballads and Poems. Wesley Bissonnette.

EVANSTON, ILL.

Lord:
A Drift of Song. Charles G. Blanden.

FARMINGTON, CONN.

Preludes in Shades. Charles Lamont Buchanan.

HARRISON, OHIO.

Early Recollections of James Whitcomb Riley. Major Ridgeway.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Brown Printing Company:
The Family of the Herods. Florence M. Ferguson.

LONDON, ENG.

Blackwood and Sons:
The School Anthology. Edited by J. H. Lobban. Parts I. and II.

Marsh-Stiles:
Chaldean Astrology Up To Date. George Wilde.

Richards:
A Dissertation upon Second Fiddles. Vincent O'Sullivan.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Rhoades and Company:
A Conquering Corps Badge. Charles King.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Confederate Veteran:
Two Wars: An Autobiography of Gen. S. G. French.

OXFORD, ENG.

Clarendon Press:
The Relations of the Advanced and the Backward Races of Mankind. James Bryce.
British Rule and Jurisdiction Beyond the Seas. Sir Henry Jenkyns.

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TAUNTON, MASS.

Davol Printing House:

The Life of Samuel Hopkins Emery. Completed by Ralph Davol.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Government Printing Office:

List of References on Reciprocity. Compiled under the direction of A. P. C. Griffin.

WATERBURY, CONN.

Like a Sun to Illumine the World. Thomas F. Devine.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between July 1 and August 1, 1902.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Marion Manning. Eustis. (Harper.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. While Charley Was Away. Bigelow. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Abner Daniel. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Ranson's Folly. Davis. ((Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Oldfield. Banks. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Belshazzar. Davis. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Courage of Conviction. Sullivan. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Garden of a Commuter's Wife. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Those Delightful Americans. Cotes. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggins. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Lover's Progress. By Himself. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. José. Valdes. (Brentano.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Mississippi. Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Kentons. Howells. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Lover's Progress. By Himself. (Brentano.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Desert. VanDyke. (Scribner.) $1.25 net.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Kindred of the Wild. Roberts. (L. C. Page & Co.) $2.00.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Opponents. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. It's Up to You. McHugh. (Dillingham Co.) 75 cents.
6. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. How to Know Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) $2.00 net.
6. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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4. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Amor Victor. Kenyon. (Stokes.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The World's People. Gordon. (Taylor & Co.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. The Pasteboard Crown. Morris. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Gospel of Judas Iscariot. Baldwin. (Higgins.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Lafitte of Louisiana. Devereaux. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Whitman. Pullen. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Miss Petticoats. Tilton. (Clarke.) $1.50.
6. The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Heralds of Empire. Laut. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Abner Daniel. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Naughty Man. Long. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Greater Love. Crapsey. (Abbey Press.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Misdemeanors of Nancy. Hoyt. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) $.1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Footprints of the Padre. Stoddart. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
4. The True Napoleon. Josselyn. (Russell.) $3.50 net.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Ranson's Folly. Davis (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Olympian Nights. Bangs. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) $.1.50.

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TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan. $1.50.
4. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Liljencranz. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Truth Dexter. McCall. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Liljencranz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Henley. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Misdemeanors of Nancy. Hoyt. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Field Book of American Wild Flowers. Mathews. (Putnam.) $1.75 net.
4. Kindred of the Wild. Roberts. (Page.) $2.00.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	" "		8
" "	3d	" "		7
" "	4th	" "		6
" "	5th	" "		5
" "	6th	" "		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50	209
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00	191
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	178
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50	149
5. Ranson's Folly. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50	106
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25	80

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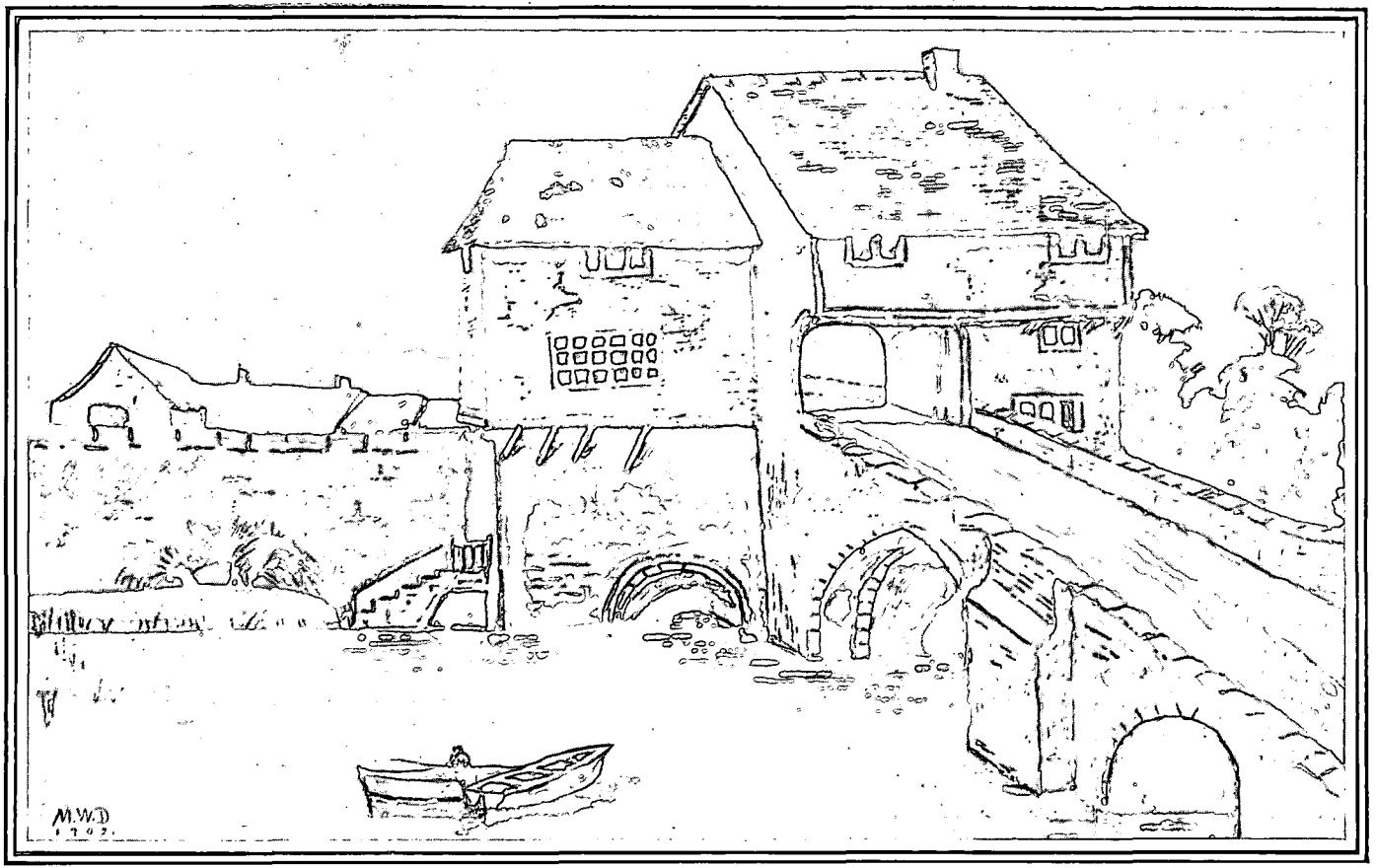

THE BEDFORD GAOL. WHERE JOHN BUNYAN WAS INCARCERATED—THE "DEN" OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream."

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